

MAGAZINE OF ART

CEMBER, 1945



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON, D. C.

19th Century American Painting

DURING DECEMBER

WINTER SCENE LANDSCAPES

BY

GEORGE H. DURRIE

THOMAS BIRCH and Others



Water color, 15 x 21, c. 1840, by unidentified American artist, \$500.

HARRY SHAW NEWMAN GALLERY

AMERICAN PAINTINGS

150 LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 30TH STREET (The Old Print Shop)

New York, N. Y.

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JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER, author of "America's Old Masters" and other books, is at present engaged on a general account of American painting as an expression of American life.

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MAGAZINE OF ART

A National Magazine Relating the Arts to Contemporary Life

JOHN D. MORSE, *Editor*

LIBBY TANNENBAUM, *Assistant Editor*

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Drawing by Fernand Léger, courtesy the Kootz Gallery, New York City Cover

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Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—EDITOR.

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John Hesselius: CHARLES CALVERT AND COLORED SLAVE, 1761, oil, 50¼ x 40¼. Collection of the Baltimore Museum of Art. "His style of painting little children makes them all look like the baby in 'Alice in Wonderland' who was on the point of turning into a pig. . . could, however, carry off a large portrait with a satisfactory dash as is shown by his full-length of Charles Calvert."

250 YEARS OF PAINTING IN MARYLAND

By JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

IN the exhibition entitled "Two Hundred and Fifty Years of Painting in Maryland" held last summer, the Baltimore Museum of Art undertook a most valuable work that may well be imitated by other institutions. The territory of American art is still only half explored. Although the names and achievements of many of our painters are familiar to the well-informed, there is every reason to believe that other important artists have either been completely forgotten or so imperfectly studied that we see them through a thick haze. That the lost painters were by no means all insignificant is indicated by the rich hauls which have been achieved by the more venturesome critic-explorers during the last generation. Thirty years ago hardly anyone had ever heard of Edward Hicks, whose *Peaceable Kingdoms* are now among the most loved of American pictures; or of George Caleb Bingham, now perhaps even overrated as a painter of genre; or of William Williams, the 18th century novelist-painter, the naive wonder of whose paintings is a never-failing delight. These men are only three among many fascinating artists who have undergone recent resurrection. The mine where such rich nuggets have been discovered would certainly repay further digging.

It is not surprising that hunters first flush forgotten canvases in the localities where they were painted. An artist's work only becomes widely distributed after it has become well enough known to be valuable and thus to attract dealers. Sometimes, of course, an isolated picture by a forgotten artist is admired and bought as an anonymous masterpiece—it is usually called a "primitive" whatever its quality—but in the transplanting to a distant collection, it is likely to be torn from its roots. The "picker" who found it in an attic paid only a few dollars for it; he is not anxious to give the name of the original owner, nor is he always very accurate about the region where the canvas was found. Thus scholarship is frustrated.

Local curators, scholars, and collectors are in the ideal position for detective work in their regions. All they need do is to keep their eyes open as they walk their native terrain; to stare at the pictures over mantelpieces as they drink tea; to sneak into the attics of old houses; never to pass by any historical society, even if it is clearly the scatter-brained achievement of ancestor-mad dames; to chat with local antique dealers; to wade through the dust in the junk shops where fine pictures are sometimes incarcerated because of a lust for frames.

Thus a hunter of artists wanders like a beagle in search of rabbits. Once he has seen a single fine picture, he has caught the scent; it is only necessary for him to keep his nose to the trail. Through brambly old court records he pushes; he leaps social fences to gain admittance to old houses, he peers and sniffs and chases and examines until he has a half dozen pictures by the same hand, has established the artist's name and biography, and has perhaps even sought out the painter's descendants, who are likely to have further facts and pictures.

Among local art historians, Dr. J. Hall Pleasants of Baltimore plays a leading role. He has made the early painting of Maryland his business, and has published his results in monographs which have enriched our knowledge of America's art heritage, and made possible such exhibitions as this one.

A glance at the show revealed that Maryland has hardly been a center for the muses. As Dr. Pleasants wrote in the excellent illustrated catalogue still on sale at the museum, "Baltimore had long been laggard in its support of its native artists, but this neglect has been especially striking since the Civil War."

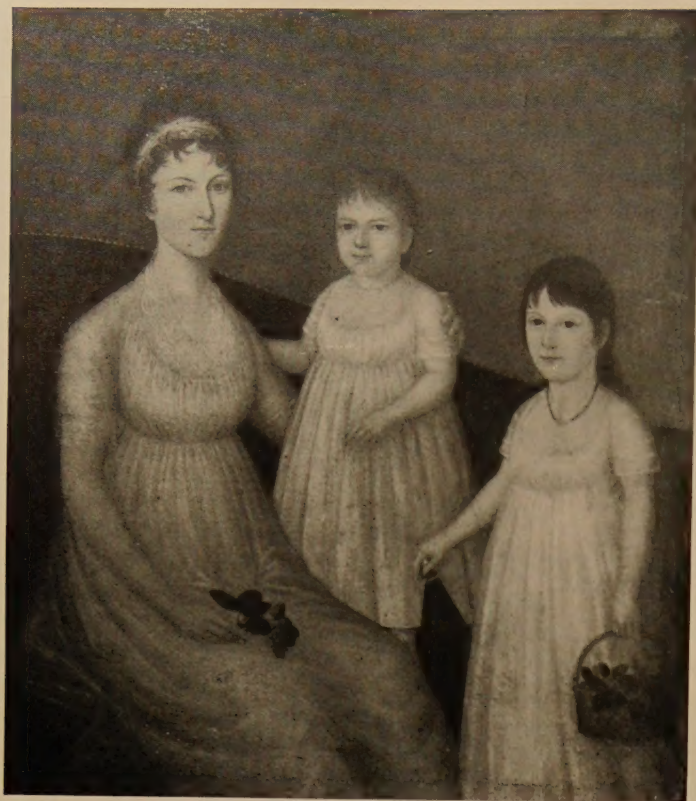
The fact that the region covered was not an artistic center gives more cogency to our homily about local research and local exhibitions, for even from this unpromising pool the learned anglers have pulled glittering fish.

Maryland's art history begins with the earliest authentically signed and dated picture which we know to have been produced in America: the portrait of Ignatius Digges, executed by Justus Engelhardt Kühn in 1710. This artist, as Dr. Pleasants' researches have revealed, was a German who had reached Annapolis by 1703 and who died there in 1717. His most flamboyant pictures are of children. He posed them on baroque balconies behind which stretched elaborate vistas made up of formal gardens and palaces as large as Versailles. How delightful these compositions must have been to the aristocrats of an isolated region where the splendors of Europe could be achieved only in a dream! Unfortunately, Kühn brought to his grandiloquent conceptions an inferior technique. He was quite incapable of giving any object roundness, while his palette was so dominated by a chocolate brown that the final impression is more dingy than grand.

Gustavus Hesselius is the only Maryland painter of the generation after Kühn whose name and work are known. Trained in Sweden, he came to this country in 1711. He was active in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and perhaps Virginia. Although an ungraceful practitioner, he was at his best a sincere one; that he could sometimes rise to a considerable height is shown by his strangely moving portraits of two Indian chiefs in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The three pictures attributed to him at Baltimore were considerably less impressive. Indeed, it is hard to believe that the likeness of John Baylor was actually by his hand. One of a group of very similar canvases to be found mostly in Virginia, this picture is characterized by a somewhat anemic grace which is a far cry even from the watered realism of Hesselius' worst work. *John Baylor* seems to reflect, although palely, the courtly style of those Virginia paintings commonly associated with the English master, Charles Bridges. However, Dr. Pleasants made the attribution to Hesselius, and his judgment carries great weight.

Next in the Maryland roster of artists, if we ignore the two year invasion of the Englishman John Wollaston, was Gustavus Hesselius' American-born son John. From Wollaston, the younger Hesselius borrowed the mannerism of making all eyes slanty and all cheeks puffed, carrying these distortions to such an extreme that his run-of-the-mill portraits seem hardly human to us today. His style of painting little children makes them all look like the baby in "Alice in Wonderland" who was on the point of turning into a pig. He could, however, carry off a large portrait with a satisfactory dash as is shown by his full-length of Charles Calvert attended by a Negro slave.

John Hesselius was the first teacher of Charles Willson Peale, who paid him for instruction with a saddle. Peale had taken up painting when he became bored with the other crafts he practised: saddle making, coach making, watch and clock making, upholstering, brass founding, and silversmithing. He penetrated to London, where he became one of West's first pupils, but he refused to be swept from his American roots by the tidal wave of European Art. In 1769 he brought back to this country a mingling of English and American modes alive with a gentle, somewhat stylized grace. After seven years in Maryland, he moved to Philadelphia, but all through his long career he returned on periodic painting trips.



Above: *Joshua Johnston*: MRS. HUGH MCCURDY AND HER CHILDREN, oil, 41 x 34½. Coll. Mrs. J. Moore. Below: *Francis Guy*: PERRY HALL, c. 1803, oil, 22 x 30. Coll. of Mrs. F. Nelson Bolton.

His portrait of General Mordecai Gist, dated 1774, was one of the high points of the Baltimore exhibition. In composition and conception, it invites comparison with Copley, reminding us that in the dark ages of American art criticism the work of these masters was sometimes confused. The two painters were similar in directness of vision and homeliness of mood, but Copley carried these qualities much further than Peale. Perhaps because of his Southern origin, perhaps because of his English training, certainly because of his own temperament, Peale painted with a delicacy of color and a simple, unaffected grace that was as far out of Copley's range as the almost brutal strength of Copley's portraits was out of Peale's.

While studying in London, Peale had heard esthetes pontificate that to become a painter, a man must be born with a special genius. The American craftsman, who suspected that painting was not too different from making a saddle, was annoyed by this elegant assumption; he resolved to disprove it by teaching the members of his own family to paint. The museum walls testified to the effectiveness of his rebuttal, for they displayed the work of eight Peales: Charles Willson himself; his sons, Raphaele and Rembrandt; his nephew, Charles Pease Polk; his brother James; and James' three daughters, Ann Claypoole, Margaretta Angelica, and Sarah.

The first generation of Peales were a crotchety tribe who went their own way without too much regard for 18th-century decorum. Charles' portrait of Mrs. Richard Gittings, Sr. shows a pretty young lady displaying a bird in a cage. All is suitable until one looks closely at the book the sitter holds close to her pet. From the middle of the usual brush scrawls indicating



Richard Caton Woodville:
THE SAILOR'S WEDDING, 1822, oil,
18 1/8 x 22. Collection of the
Walters Art Gallery. "(Wood-
ville) left Baltimore at . . .
twenty, never to return."



type jumps a legible sentence: "I can't get out." It was like the artist to worry more about the imprisoned bird than the dignity of Mrs. Gittings. (Some scholars have postulated that the inscription was added by a later hand, but it is hard to imagine any other individual of whom it would be so typical.)

James Peale was not to be outdone for eccentricity by his older brother. When he painted the wealthy brick manufacturer, George Michael Krebs, he depicted behind the sitter a brick kiln in operation, in itself a new departure since industrial genre scenes were almost unknown in 18th-century painting. But what is this paper Krebs holds in his hand? It reads, "No reason for Complaint as there was in Egypt, Exodus Chapter 5." The reference is, of course, to making bricks without straw.

If any 18th century Southerner were to violate convention to the extent of encouraging a colored man to paint, it would certainly be one of the Peales. Dr. Pleasants' researches have greatly enriched our social history by discovering that a Negro portrait painter, Joshua Johnston, did a good business in Baltimore between 1796 and 1824. His style was so close to Charles Peale Polk's in many minutiae that some direct influence seems indicated.

Polk was the crudest painter of all the Peales. His work, showing an uneasy mixture of "boughten" mannerisms and homespun innovations, is neither good sophisticated painting nor good primitivism. No such dualism scrambles the work of the colored artist; Johnston further simplified Polk's style until his pictures became patterns built up from a few lines and shapes. *Mrs. Hugh McCurdy and her Children* is constructed from two repeating horizontal curves—the line of the couch and the sitters' heads—and four cones: the complicated shape of the mother plus the simple shapes of the two children and the inverted umbrella. For those whose taste is catholic enough to include untutored work, this is a very charming picture.

Younger yet contemporary with Charles Willson and James Peale was an unrelated artist who was as eccentric as if he too possessed Peale blood. Francis Guy came to this country from England when he was thirty-five. At first he followed his old world profession of dyer, but soon he was inspired by the heady wine of America to set up as an artist; he became the first American-inspired landscape painter whose work has come

down to us in any quantity. Ignoring convention, he painted in his own way despite the enraged howls of local esthetes who had been to Europe.

It is doubtful if Richard Wilson or Gainsborough would have approved of his methods. Using what we like to regard as Yankee ingenuity, he constructed a tent with only one aperture. This he covered with black gauze; when he looked at the view through the gauze, he saw before him a rendition of a landscape. All he had to do was to outline the image with chalk, and then to transfer it to canvas by rubbing. This technique only gave Guy a start, however. When he began to paint, the typical predilections of an untrained artist made him stylize, regularize, seek a formal design.

Guy turned out a cascade of pictures: portraits of towns, of streets, of landmarks, of country seats. They are high-spirited canvases, full of little figures: horses drawing wagons, people crossing bridges, good-humored dogs at play, cattle at their ease. It was probably a sign of Guy's goodness of heart that his people always walk in twos.

When Guy and the older Peales vanished from the scene, Maryland art, as revealed in the exhibition, went into a long tunnel from which it had not emerged by the end of the 19th century. Skillful artists from elsewhere made painting trips to Baltimore—Savage, John Vanderlyn, Jarvis, Sully, Harding, Doughty, etc.—but none of these stayed long enough to be more than visitors. Such accomplished transients present a dangerous temptation to sponsors of regional exhibitions. It makes a superficially more impressive display to ignore obscure local artists in favor of the more publicized great names who can be demonstrated to have spent a few months in the area under consideration. Of course, this George-Washington-slept-here approach vitiates the whole point of a regional show. On the other hand, it would create a false impression to ignore the visitors altogether. In Baltimore an excellent compromise was reached: the outside artists were represented by one or two canvases apiece, while the emphasis remained on the local practitioners.

Isolation rather than contact with national art movements seems to have characterized Maryland's own artists all through the 19th century. It was amazing to see in the exhibition hardly an echo of the Hudson River School, of the methods of Innes, of



Alfred J. Miller: INTERIOR OF FORT LARAMIE, water color, 9 5/16 x 12 1/4. Collection of the Walters Art Gallery. "Baltimore's most interesting resident artist of the mid-century . . . As a young man he went on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and the many sketches he made at the time served him as source material during the rest of his career."

Homer, of Ryder, of Eakins. The genre school that produced Mount and Bingham is, it is true, represented by one brilliant artist, William Caton Woodville, but he left Baltimore at the age of twenty, never to return.

Woodville worked for six formative years in Düsseldorf and spent his entire adult career abroad, facts that have made it difficult to regard him as an exemplar of the American tradition. That he was a highly skillful story-teller and artist his *The Sailor's Wedding* reveals. The justice of the peace surprised at his dinner, the proud groom, the shy bride, the drunken and weepy father-in-law, the grimly cheerful mother-in-law, the jealous sister, all are clearly revealed in paint that has interest, lustre, and charm. Perhaps we should do our best to claim Woodville as a national product, for he would do much to raise the standard of our mid-century genre work.

While Woodville worked abroad, a Swiss, Henry Bebie, was painting in Baltimore. His sentimental genre scenes have a lush, affected prettiness that is quite cloying to contemporary taste. Indeed, his *Conversation; A Group of Baltimore Girls* seems so much more suited to a modern barroom than a modern parlor that it created a certain amount of snickering among the young bloods of Baltimore, who insisted that the scene depicted is not as coyly innocent as it appears on the surface.

Baltimore's most interesting resident artist of the mid-century was Alfred J. Miller. As a young man he went on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and the many sketches he made at that time served him as source material during the rest of his career. He found his favorite subject matter in the life of the Indians. There was nothing of the anthropologist about him and not too much of the realist; he was a romantic in search of exotic thrills. His Indians scud across the plains like Delacroix' Arabs scudding across the desert. The accessories of Indian life—feathers, blankets, beads—are treated not with accuracy but for their picturesqueness. Although somewhat lacking in force, his pictures have pictorial effectiveness and charm. Miller may not have been a great painter, but as an illustrator he had

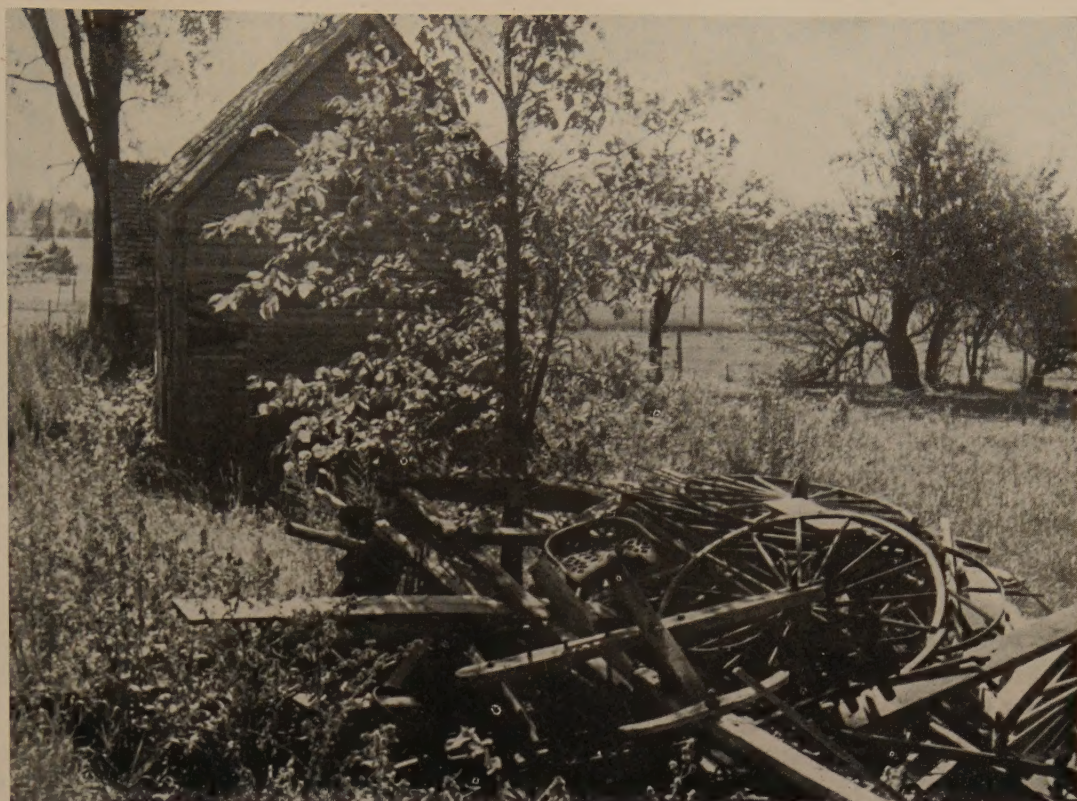
virtues that seem likely to make him, when his work finally becomes well known, one of the most popular of American artists.

The exhibition closed with the work of Baltimore's highly-successful portraitist, Thomas C. Corner, who died in 1938. The self-portrait he painted in Paris as a young man shows him as an artist of great brilliance, sincerity, and promise. Whether we consider that this promise was realized in the likenesses of his later years depends on the point of view from which we look at them. Certainly few contemporary artists could put down so accurate an effigy of a man; such subjects as William Henry Welch sit before us exactly as they sat before the painter. That the artist keeps his own temperament always in the background while striving to delineate his subject, accounts for the quality of such almost photographic likenesses, as well as for the disdain with which they are regarded by more individualistic painters. But within his chosen field Corner was an able craftsman who achieved surely the effects he desired to achieve.

Now that we have examined the entire history of Maryland painting, it becomes clear to us that no regional school of any importance developed in that state. Indeed the local art was finest when it was least local. The early Peales, who dominated Maryland's best period, were national figures, part of the larger flow of American art. When Maryland work became insular, it became less exciting.

The story as summarized at the Baltimore Museum of Art is of no less interest to social historians because it so often reveals weaknesses rather than strengths. Certainly it is significant that Baltimore, which was for a while the third largest city in America and is now the seventh, has produced no painting of real importance. (The early Peales predated the great growth of that city.) We must be equally grateful to the Museum, to its acting director Mrs. Adelyn D. Breeskin, and to Dr. Pleasants for bringing to our attention several new painters of great interest, and for showing representative pictures of unexciting years. The result is a permanent contribution to the exploration of America's cultural past.

Abandoned farm, Rouses Point, New York, which provided the French painter Fernand Léger with material for a whole series of paintings done in 1944 and 1945, and dramatized what was to a European the striking waste that America allows itself under the name of "obsolescence." (Photographs by Martin James.)



LÉGER IN AMERICA

By SIGFRIED GIEDION

THE cubists transformed the things of daily life into objects. Objects and their representation set free from the constant conjunction of things in everyday nature. Just as for centuries perspective was the sphere within which the various schools developed, now this kind of representation becomes the common medium embracing the different movements. What matters now are the relations and tensions within the canvas.

The Constructivists, and above all Mondrian and the Dutch *De Stijl* movement, admit only forms which invite no association with nature. Everything haphazard is discarded, and the universal laws of equilibrium, of proportion, of pure color, of lines and planes prevail. It is an art free of any setting, like clouds in the stratosphere.

The French painters seek a simultaneous grasp of sensuousness and of abstraction. They want neither spirit alone nor material alone. They want the two. Nature is almost always their springboard. Things are not passively registered. They reappear and disappear in the canvas, their configuration played upon, often altered beyond identification—the surrealists go so far as to invent new objects and things become signs, symbols, or as the French say, *objects*.

The art of Fernand Léger has every appearance of being understandable at first glance: pure colors, sharply delineated forms, clear black outlines, bright daylight. Everything is within reach, simple, and of almost monolithic strength, and his pictures have a clarity that lends itself directly to naturalistic verification.

The summers of 1944-45 we spent together with the healthy distance of two miles between our houses. The year before, Léger had a few hours train wait at Rouses Point on a trip to Montreal. The Champlain Valley had something of Normandy about it and almost everyone in the village spoke French; the open countryside appealed to him and he has gone back there every summer since.

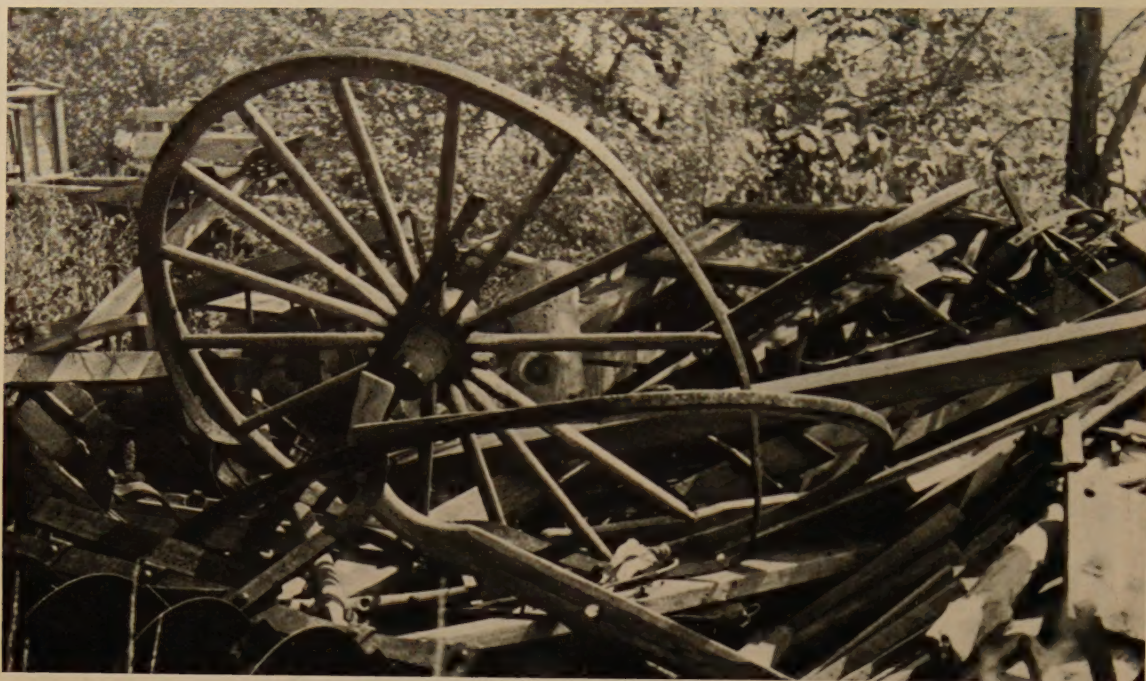
Not far from the house he found for himself there, Léger came upon an abandoned farm, abandoned as only American

farms can be: the barn roof collapsed, its doors half torn from their hinges. Harrows, plows, a great wooden cylinder for rolling seed into the ground, mowers, all lay widely scattered, half sunk into the earth, overgrown with aggressive weeds. And everywhere wagon wheels, intact or with rims falling off in every stage of decay. From the overgrowth Léger lifted a milk can black with mould. A drum stood in the weeds, the metal half-eaten away, the tar it contained an undisturbed block. In the shed was a reaper, 1892 model. I sat in its springy seat: the rusty break-lever still operated, the draw-pole was still strong, and it seemed that the horse needed only to be harnessed.

It almost took one's breath away. The farm did not seem to have been abandoned many years before; it did not exhale the atmosphere of ruin—it seemed rather that some sudden catastrophe had arrested daily living, that we were in the midst of a kind of Pompeian excavation. And yet it had been an affair of only yesterday. Obsolescence. Artificial obsolescence, premature obsolescence.

"*Ce spectacle ne se voit pas en Europe,*" said Léger. It is a sight such as one would never see in Europe. In America there are materials in plenty, land, a superfluity of production. That is what strikes a man raised on the other side of the ocean, who as a child was taught never to throw away a piece of bread, to care for his clothes, and even to nurture things beyond their normal lifetime.

Now, in a lonely spot on the Canadian border, it is reality that presents the objects just as the moment requires them. Here on a deserted farm the mechanical fragment is everywhere, in dramatic plentitude. But not alone. Mechanization finds a powerful equal in organic life, in the working of nature. The two are not at peace, and the plants prove the stronger. They have perpetual growth on their side. Nature bursts through the barbed wire. The paintings of Léger's *Rouses Point* series enact a struggle which is fundamental to our time, and upon the solution of which our civilization hangs: can mechanization be subordinated to the organic? Which will prove the stronger?



Scrapheap of rusting and rotting farm implements, wheels, a disc harrow, reapers, winding wires. Below: Fernand Léger, TWO BUTTERFLIES AND WHEEL, oil, 16 x 20, private coll. In the painting the elements are transformed into objects by configuring them with abstract as well as organic forms.



44
F. LÉGER



Fernand Léger: COMPOSITION, TRUNK OF A TREE, 37 x 29 inches, collection of the artist. The photograph shows another part of the deserted farm, the abandoned apple trees still bearing fruit. The spectacle of ungathered fruit rotting on the ground was especially shocking to Léger—"It is a sight such as one would never see in Europe."



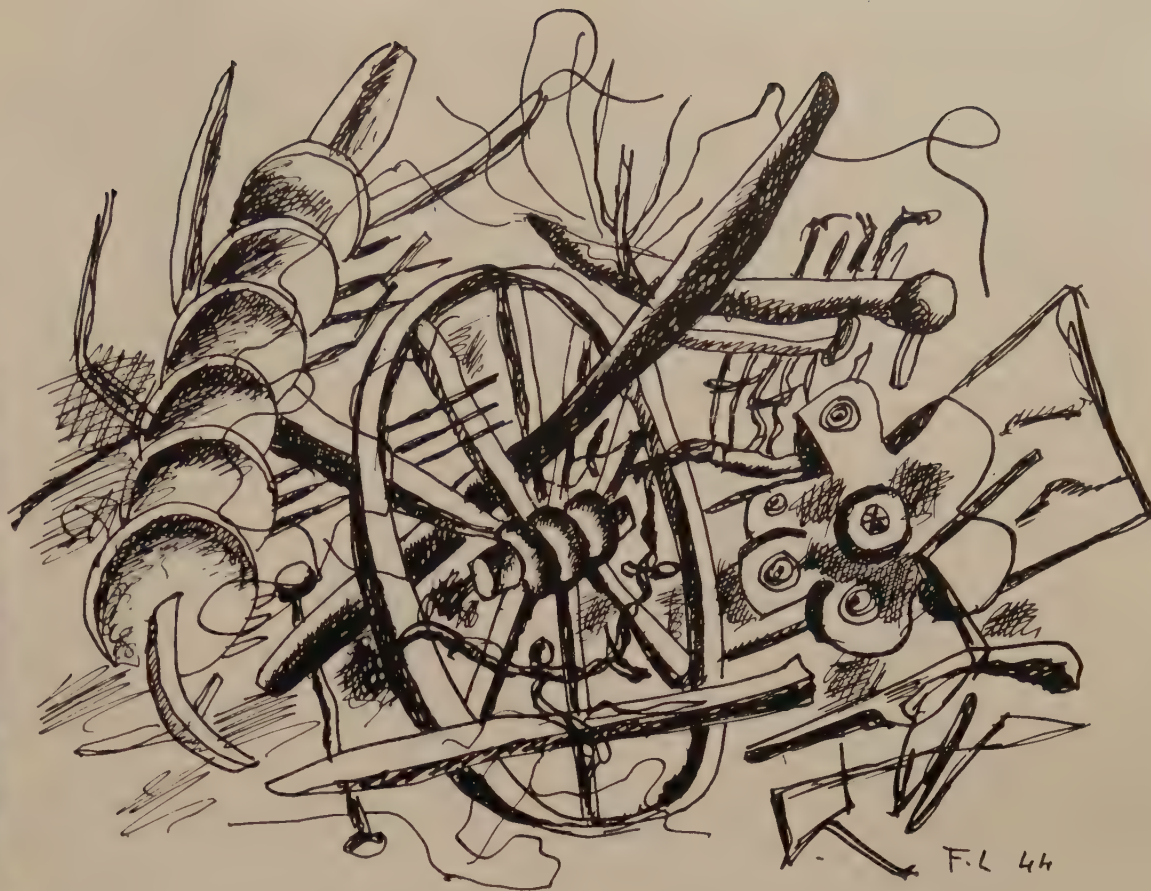


Seat of a reaper, about 1890. This excellent adapted form is plastically exciting in itself, without reference to its function. It is easy to understand how it arouses the fantasy of the artist. It is the daemonic aspect of the reaper seat that seems to appeal to Léger in his drawing, which includes also fragments of disc harrows and a cultivator.

Fernand Léger: SKETCH FOR MURAL, oil 16 x 20 inches, collection of the artist. Here we see form evolving from drawing to painting.



sc harrow. Léger's drawing
cludes also wheels, wire
gments, and other material
m the scrapheap.



Fernand Léger: THE YELLOW FLOWER, oil, 37 x 29 inches, collection of the author. Elements of nature with seat fragments, wood, nails, organized and set in contrast to abstract planes and the yellow flower. The arbitrary relationships of scale also function in the dynamics of the painting. Photo: fragment of a seat with the rusting wires used in the painting. These wires represent the free movement, movement in its own right, which can be noted in a whole section of modern art from Kandinsky to Miro.





Ernst Barlach: illustration for Schiller's "An die Freude" woodcut, 1927. "Barlach's woodcuts and lithographs have the massive formal and emotional quality of his . . . sculpture." (Photographs courtesy Fogg Art Museum unless otherwise noted.)

GERMAN EXPRESSIONIST PRINTMAKERS

By JAKOB ROSENBERG

IN his article on "Expressionism and Abstract Painting" in the *ART QUARTERLY* (Summer, 1941); W. R. Valentiner stressed the point that, of all the trends which followed impressionism, only these two are of fundamental importance in modern art. According to Valentiner, one should not place too much emphasis upon such subdivisions as post-impressionism, futurism, cubism, constructivism, surrealism, etc., since these are either non-essential or else display the same general tendencies as expressionism or abstract painting. The art historian of our day who wishes to give a most complete and detailed factual account of all modern movements will probably reject this thesis as an over-simplification. But if one dares to cut through the embarrassing variety of trends and put the emphasis where it belongs from the point of view of historical significance and artistic quality, there can be little doubt that the two movements, expressionism and abstract art (the latter including cubism in its early phase), are of the greatest importance within the post-impressionist development.

Valentiner considers expressionism mainly as a German movement, but abstract art as an international one. This statement also may seem at first an over-simplification of a very complex phenomenon, but it contains a good deal of truth. In contrast to this opinion, the 1942 catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art in New York lists under the heading "Expressionism" many more non-German than German artists, and thus hardly subscribes to the idea that this movement is primarily a German one. The catalogue makes a distinction between expressionists in the broadest sense ("who reject the imitation of reality for the expression of an inner world of feeling and imagination") and expressionism in a narrower sense ("spontaneous, free, intuitive distortion or exaggeration of the ordinary forms and colors of nature in order to achieve an emotional or esthetic effect"). The following statement is added to

the definition of expressionist art: "The word 'expressionism' was first used in Munich about 1911, but Van Gogh, Cézanne and Gauguin had long before shown the way which ultimately found innumerable followers the world over."

Although we consider where and when the term "expressionism" was first used a merely academic question, it may be worth mentioning that as good a source as Theodor Däubler, the leading German expressionist in literature, who was very familiar with the Paris of the *fauves* and the cubists, states that it was most likely Matisse who first used the term,¹ while Ilse Vauxcelles, critic of the "*Gil Blas*", first applied it in public. Däubler refers also to other claims regarding the origin of the term.²

For the general spirit of the expressionist movement in its prime (1910-20), one should consult such publications as the "*Blaue Reiter*" (1st ed., 1912; 2nd unchanged ed., 1914), "*Der Sturm*" (1910-20), "*Das Kunstblatt*" (1917-22), and "*Genius*" (1919-21). All of these reveal the principal interests and sources of expressionist art.³ Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, the Norwegian Edvard Munch and the Swiss Ferdinand Hodler are the most admired immediate forerunners. There is enthusiasm for Matisse, and the *fauves* are declared to be a most important parallel to the German movement. Interest harks back to

¹ Theodor Däubler: "In Kampfe um die moderne Kunst", Berlin, 1919, p. 41 ff. "Der neue Standpunkt", Leipzig, 1916, p. 112.

The program of Matisse, which the artist formulated in 1909 (KUNST UND KÜNSTLER, vol. VII, p. 335 ff.) does indeed stress "expression" as the principal aim of his art and already contains salient points of the expressionist movement.

² The earliest of these claims dates back to 1901, when the French painter, Julien Auguste Hervé exhibited eight paintings in the Salon des Indépendants under the title "Expressionismes" (DAS KUNSTBLATT, 1918, p. 327). But this earliest use of the word found no echo at the time.

³ Since the "*Blaue Reiter*" does not yet contain the term expressionism, even though it obviously stands for the vigorous early phase of the expressionist movement, we assume that the movement was in full swing before the term had been formulated. As far as I can see, the word expressionism does not become common in the literature on art before 1914.

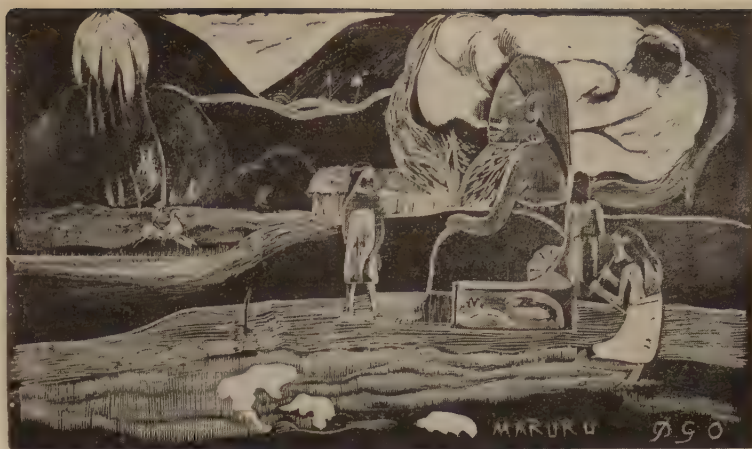
early German art, from medieval sculpture and miniatures through late gothic woodcuts to the pictorial or linear expressionism of Grünewald, Hans Baldung Grien and their contemporaries. El Greco is adored as well as Russian folk-art, Egyptian and pre-Columbian textiles as well as Negro sculpture. There is hardly any field of primitive, exotic, pre-classic or anti-classic art to which the expressionists do not turn with enthusiasm, finding inspiration as well as confirmation of their own point of view.

This point of view is still best understood in contrast to the tendencies of impressionism. Whereas the impressionist was primarily concerned with the rendering of the visual world as it appears to the human eye in momentary aspects, the expressionist's aim was to convey his subjective inner reactions independent of the visual coherence of the world. Only through such independence could the artist become creative in the highest sense, and express fully his spiritual reactions, the emotional and visionary world within himself. Therefore the expressionist needed a more abstract artistic language than European art had produced since the days of the Renaissance (El Greco is a rare exception), and he turned preferably to primitive art in which he found bold abstract formulas expressing deeply emotional and highly visionary content.

Expressionism, however, did not draw such radical consequences from this new artistic credo as cubism and abstract art did. In giving priority to human emotion and inward reaction as the essential content of the visual arts, expressionism did not become anti-representational in principle. The expressionist still used the elements of the visual world to convey his visions, but he took the liberty of distorting them in the interests of a more powerful expressiveness. Cubism and abstract art, however, radically defied the use of forms derived from visual reality and threw all emphasis on the creation of a purely abstract language which alone was believed to manifest the highest form of artistic independence and creativeness.

Unless we insist upon a clear distinction between the two trends, we run into difficulties in discussing German expressionism. The "Brücke", founded in 1905 in Dresden, and the "Blaue Reiter", founded in 1911 in Munich, are usually considered the two pillars of the movement. But the "Blaue Reiter" group belongs to the expressionist movement only in its beginnings, and even then not fully. Its members gradually merge into the realm of abstract art within which their artistic credo has a more definite place. This credo was defined by Kandinsky, the theoretical leader of the group, as early as 1912, in his book, "The Art of Spiritual Harmony." Here he demanded absolute abstractions which alone would enable art to correspond to absolute music in its independence from visible nature and in the rhythmical arrangement of pure forms. Kandinsky's artistic development shows a very rapid elimination of all representational elements between the years 1911 and 1914. Franz Marc's short career, which was broken off in 1916, also manifests a definite trend toward the abstract, although he was more reluctant to sacrifice all allusion to the visual world.⁴ As for Paul Klee, there can be little doubt that an abstract tendency prevailed in his fantastic visions even at the time of his contact with the "Blaue Reiter" group, but his highly personal and introvert art defies any strict classification.

One of the strongest manifestations of German expressionism is to be found in graphic art, which had a long and honorable tradition in the German past. The expressionists turned with no small enthusiasm to the early German woodcuts of the 15th century. Here they found many qualities for which they were

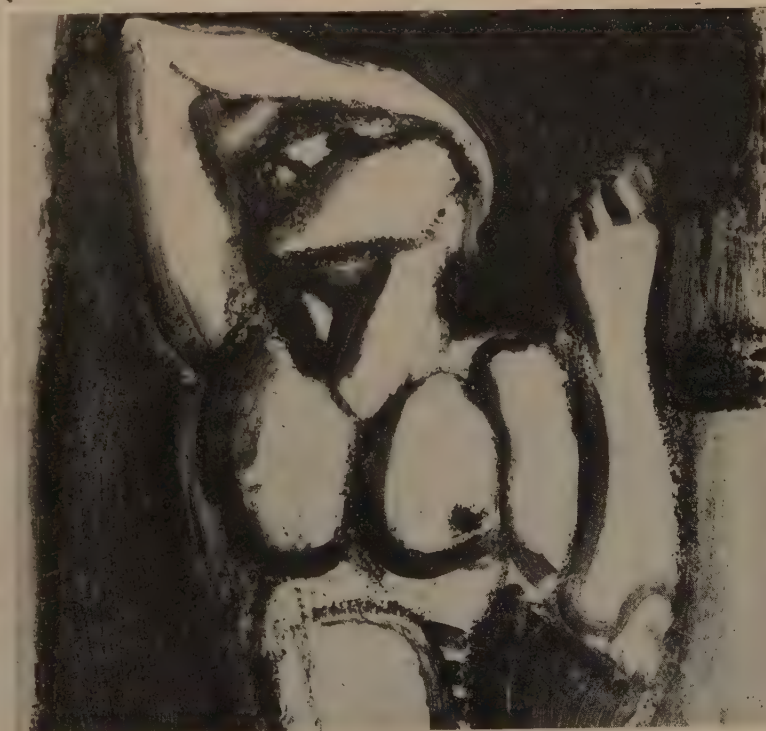


Paul Gauguin: MARURU, "... a more abstract style in woodcutting."



Edvard Munch: THE CRY (detail), lithograph, 1895 (courtesy of Lt. Richard S. Davis). "... influential for expressionist graphic art."

Georges Rouault: DESPAIR (detail), lithograph. "Moderation of the psychological content ... compared to German contemporaries."



⁴ Franz Marc never used the word expressionism for his own art, but once called himself a "cubist". See Franz Marc: "Briefe, Aufzeichnungen und Aphorismen," Berlin, 1920, vol. I, p. 54.

longing: a true naivete of feeling and a bold expressiveness, simple and telling designs which use an abstract vocabulary with unfailing surety of expression, and finally an uncorrupted feeling for the nature of the medium and consequently its most appropriate handling.

But even more influential for expressionist graphic art was the work of Gauguin and his Norwegian follower Edvard Munch. In Gauguin's woodcuts, mostly done in Tahiti under very primitive conditions, he first revealed the new possibilities of more abstract style in woodcutting. He boldly broke with the naturalistic tradition and discovered the charm and the expressiveness of imaginary designs, freely shifting from black- to white-line effects and vice versa whenever the musical rhythm of his compositions demanded it. Edvard Munch moved a step nearer expressionism by concentrating more exclusively upon the emotional content with a truly northern feeling for the anxieties of life. Technically, too, Munch advanced to a bolder and more abstract handling in the graphic arts, especially in woodcut and lithography, and this doubtless inspired the German expressionists in their beginnings.

When we place prints of the German expressionists beside contemporary prints of other countries, we are struck by the violence of their emotional content which always seems to break through the boundaries of formal considerations. Even as powerful an expressionist as Rouault, when compared to German contemporaries, shows a certain moderation of the psychological content by his stronger emphasis on formal balance and perfection. In contrast, Barlach, in a similar subject, goes to violent extreme in the exhibition of pure emotion.

Another feature in which the German expressionist print-makers excel is the bold handling of the media. It is true that the lithographs and etchings of the Frenchman Rouault are hardly less remarkable in this respect, but the Germans prefer the rugged and dynamic qualities of the woodcut technique. They exploit the utmost dramatic potentialities of the block, going far beyond the achievement of their forerunners Gauguin and Munch. Masses of black and white clash in violent rhythms and the intermediary line work increases the graphic intensity of the whole pattern. An inner excitement seems to direct every turn of the woodcutter's knife, which finds no rest until it has conveyed to the spectator the full force of the artist's creative sensation. While the woodcut is no doubt the most favored graphic technique of the German expressionists, they show the same close contact with the medium and vivid feeling for its dramatic potentialities in other graphic techniques, in drypoint and lithography.

Their subjects embrace a wide range of human reactions. Among them are landscape or city visions, penetrating psychological portraits, social and religious themes revealing a deep concern for the problems of modern life as well as a longing for profound spiritual experience.

German expressionism reflects rather strongly the ominous atmosphere which hung over European society in the early 20th century, and over Germany in particular. The prophetic, Cassandra-like mood of these artists makes their work a document of artistic premonition. They seem to us now to have been dancing on a volcano whose destructive eruptions were anticipated in violent rhythms and inner excitement. Burdened with such a fateful mission, their art excites rather than gives comfort. This is just the opposite of the effect which their famous French contemporary, Matisse, achieved with unending success. In his words, art should have "a calming influence, like a soporific, and should be something like a good armchair in which to rest from physical fatigue."

The principal members of the "Brücke" group, which occupies perhaps the most prominent place in German expression-

ist graphic art, are Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff. Emil Nolde (born in 1867) was half a generation older than his fellow members. He is most notable for his watercolors, where boldness and originality of handling is successfully combined with a glowing colorism of exotic beauty and power. Nolde's graphic work sometimes lacks articulation and does not always show the same vivid sense for the potentialities of the medium that his watercolors do. In the woodcut *Head of a Prophet* he expresses great depth of feeling by powerful and massive darks. His draughtsmanship, however, remains somewhat soft, suggesting a brushwork conception that would seem more appropriate to lithography than to woodcut. The same is true of his well-known woodcuts of Hamburg harbor scenes. For this very reason Nolde's lithographs are often more satisfactory. In his etchings he experiments boldly with aquatint and accidental biting, combining the two with free needlework. These technical manipulations do not always result in clearly articulated graphic effects, but they convey something of the pictorial mysticism of his paintings.

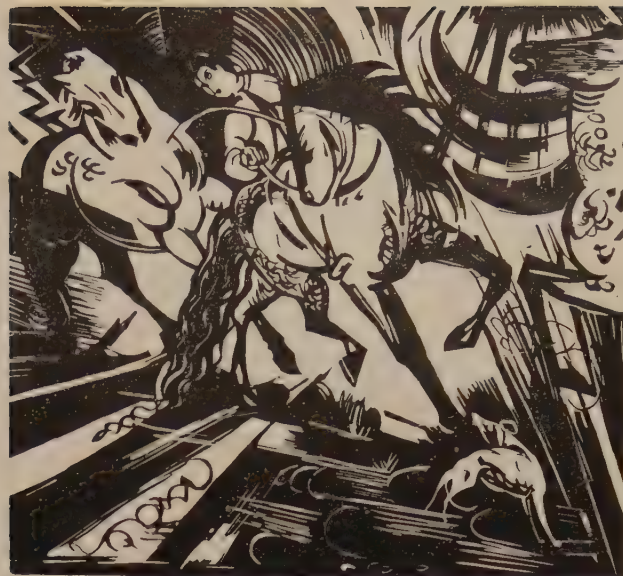
The graphic genius of Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938) is now beginning to emerge from the work of the "Brücke". His directness and originality of handling seem a most natural outcome of a highly sensitive and excitable disposition. Kirchner is greatest in his woodcuts, but hardly less interesting in his etchings. One feels in all his work a spontaneous and deeply personal response to his surroundings. His nerves seem to be in constant vibration and his imagination always on the alert. A portrait woodcut such as the head of a Swiss peasant in a mountain landscape near Davos shows in its highly formalized graphic treatment an almost Byzantine quality of ornateness. Yet every detail, the phrasing of an eye, of an ear, of the wrinkles in the man's weathered face, is spontaneously formulated, descriptive and expressive. Kirchner is quite unique in this combination of an articulate arabesque quality with sensitive expressiveness and spontaneous handling. He has no parallel among the contemporary woodcutters in graphic brilliance and facility. In his etchings Kirchner guides the needle over the plate with a frantic speed until streaky areas of long feathery lines have established a rhythmical coherence, and fully express his nervous and vibrant sensations.

Erich Heckel (born in 1883) is the lyricist of this group. Stimulated by Kirchner's more sparkling originality and impressed also by Schmidt-Rottluff's vigor, Heckel works equally well in woodcut, lithography and drypoint, expressing his melancholy nature in sensitive and poetic compositions. At times he excels in portraiture but his best subject is landscape, as in the drypoint here reproduced. It is an interesting vision of a park scene with the reflections of trees in a canal as its central theme. There is some reminiscence of Cézanne and also of Derain in the geometrization of the tree-shapes, but the style is driven farther in the direction of expressive abstraction. The result is a striking graphic pattern of considerable charm. The print does not lack clear spatial and plastic distinctness and exhibits a pleasant luminous effect. Heckel's later development toward a smoother, more sentimental and more naturalistic style seems to indicate that his artistic personality was not strong enough to maintain the high tension of his earlier work when he ranked with Kirchner and Schmidt-Rottluff, the other two founders of the "Brücke".

Karl Schmidt-Rottluff (born in 1884) is the most monumental of the "Brücke" woodcutters, but lacks Kirchner's fine qualities of sensitiveness and graphic articulateness. He has been called the "formalist" of the group since his graphic vocabulary consists of a few highly abstract formulas with which he builds up vigorous cubic effects. His work seems somewhat rigid beside Kirchner's more flexible handling. Schmidt-Rottluff's pattern



Kirchner: ALPINE SHEPHERD, woodcut, 1919.



Franz Marc: RIDING SCHOOL, woodcut, 1913.

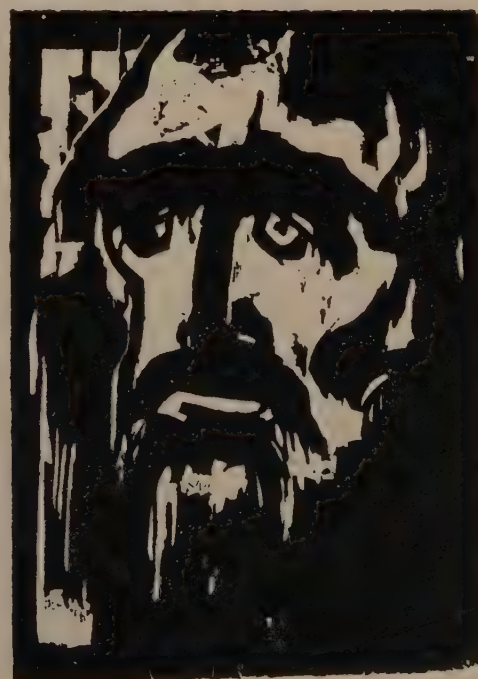


15th Century German woodcut, THE ANNUNCIATION. Left: Ernst Barlach: REBELLION, lithograph. Right: Max Beckmann: THE DANCE, drypoint.



Nolde: HEAD OF A PROPHET, woodcut, 1912.

Karl Schmidt-Rottluff: WAY TO EMMAUS, woodcut, 1918.





Wilhelm Lehmbruck: KNEELING FEMALE FIGURE, drypoint. "... goes far beyond Rodin in ... abstraction ... to pure rhythm."

Erich Heckel: CANAL, drypoint, 1914. "His best subject is landscape ... melancholy ... sensitive and poetic compositions."



and his lines are so forcefully cut into the block as to suggest the strokes of a hatchet. In his religious subjects, such as the woodcut of *Christ and the Disciples on the way to Emmaus*, the artist comes as close to the emotional and formal power of the primitives as any modernist does. Valentiner gives a fine analysis of this scene, which shows that, in spite of its highly abstract formulations, representation is still essential with expressionism.

Both Max Pechstein and Otto Mueller made extensive graphic contributions to the work of the "Brücke" group. Pechstein was the more varied of the two. He was quick to adapt foreign influences but is bold and striking in his designs. Otto Mueller specialized in a rather narrow field, that of lithographs with the subject of female nudes in a landscape. In this category, however, he was a true master of rhythmical composition and graceful draughtsmanship.

Of the work of the "Blaue Reiter" group, the early woodcuts of Kandinsky, for example those published in his book "Klänge" (Munich, 1913) still seem to belong in the realm of German expressionism. Even more remarkable as expressionist graphic creations are Franz Marc's woodcuts, such as the composition of a *Riding-school* here reproduced. It shows clearly a transitional phase between representational and abstract art, in which Marc's style is characterized. The geometric tendency does not choke the organic life, but rather merges with it. Accordingly, the two- and three-dimensional effect is sensitively balanced. A strong rhythmical swing always enlivens Marc's patterns and we feel some emotional and mystical tendency underneath. His woodcuts are an adequate black and white equivalent of his peculiar kaleidoscopic colors in painting. His lively feeling for this graphic medium is manifested in his sharply cut lines which never lack elegance and grace. We reproduce no examples of Paul Klee's remarkable graphic work since the bulk of his production is more closely allied to abstract art than to expressionism.

To turn from the two best known groups to outstanding individuals among the German expressionist printmakers, two sculptors, Ernst Barlach (1870-1938) and Wilhelm Lehmbruck (1881-1919), both did notable work in graphic art. Barlach's woodcuts and lithographs have the massive formal and emotional quality of his creations in sculpture. He is as vigorous in the expression of inner pain as he is in the expression of exuberant joy. His woodcut style betrays the hand of the sculptor to whom the block-like effect of the figure comes first, but the surfaces are animated by vivid white-line cutting of varying density. Lehmbruck's more graceful art took him to the drypoint technique, in which he did some masterful nudes in motion. Only good, early impressions, like the figure of a kneeling female nude reproduced here convey fully the plastic sensation and the atmospheric charm of these motives; the maximum of inner emotion is here expressed by a minimum of graphic means. With these outline designs Lehmbruck goes far beyond Rodin in the power of abstraction, in the condensation of the movement to pure rhythm.

Among expressionist printmakers who cannot be connected with any group, the Austrian Oskar Kokoschka (born in 1886) can claim a singular position as a visionary with a wide repertoire of imaginary subjects. He is also an intuitive portraitist. His favorite medium, lithography, allows him to express painterly brilliance in the flickering quality of light and dark. The *Self-portrait* lithograph recalls the iridescent character of Grünewald's painting, which Kokoschka deeply admired, and also Dürer's spiritual intensity. This is not to say that Kokoschka is an eclectic; it signifies a congenial affinity with this expressive phase of early German painting. Kokoschka's nervous draughtsmanship and flicking illumination convey the



Käthe Kollwitz: DEATH AND THE MOTHER, lithograph, 1935.
"A cry of pain such as was never heard in ancient times."

artist's inner excitement and his unusual psychological vision.

Max Beckmann (born in 1884) is another independent figure among the German expressionists. His more austere North-German temperament manifests itself in a very willful angularity and in sharp characterizations and patterns. Drypoint is his favored medium. He does not shrink from the bizarre in his biting visions of morbid city life, which he conveys with a frightening coldness and intensity.

Käthe Kollwitz (born in 1867) expresses her rare and remarkable personality preferably in graphic art. From the beginning her themes show a profound sympathy for poor and suffering humanity, and her style an unusually strong trend toward the expressive. But only in her late period, from about 1920, did she approach expressionism, creating designs of extraordinary emotional intensity and power of simplification. While etching was at first her preferred medium, in her later phase she turned to woodcut and lithography, with their greater potentialities for breadth and monumental effect. The lithograph from the series *Abschied und Tod*, is one of her latest

works (1935) and shows the almost seventy-year-old artist at the height of her power. The three figures of Death, mother and child are closely knit into one compact group with a dramatic silhouette. There is a terrific concentration on the emotional content: the horror of the mother, paralyzed in the face of Death, who has laid his inescapable grip on her child. Every accent in this monumental composition is significant. The plastic intensity of the group matches its psychological impact in power. Gerhardt Hauptmann calls this woman's art "a cry of pain such as was never heard in ancient times," and we feel the full impact of these words before this lithograph.

We limit our consideration of German expressionist print-makers to the period 1905 to 1925. Only a few outstanding works, such as the Kollwitz series *Abschied und Tod*, followed. German popular acceptance of expressionism reached its peak in the early years of the Weimar Republic. When the Hitler regime came into power and outlawed expressionist art, the movement had long since lost its momentum and disintegrated into isolated appearances, or fused with other modern trends.

ART CRITICISM—A SYMPOSIUM

Conducted by the Artists League of America, New York, May 3, 1945. Harry Gottlieb, Chairman

I. ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND — *The Social Function of Criticism*

THE social function of criticism is not unrelated to the social function of art. Thus the strength and the weaknesses of art in American life are mirrored in American art criticism.

It would be stupid to claim that criticism is perfect. Discontent is too prevalent, no less among critics than among artists. Criticism often does operate on a narrow basis. The truth is both art and criticism today are circumscribed. Art in America has never had a broad base of support, material or intellectual. Save for the Federal Art Project, art has been supported by a limited number of patrons, with a limited interest. Reaching a limited audience, art has reflected the limited character of its patronage. Criticism reflects the same limitations.

What are the functions of criticism? *Record*, news coverage; *comment*, related to coverage but broader in scope; and *criticism as interpretation, evaluation, and orientation*. Before we define these functions, we may note that they are serviced in the American press on a scale also *limited* in character. Need I say that criticism cannot flourish without its press any more than art can flourish without studios, galleries, collectors, museums, and critics?

Some may ask: "What use are critics, anyway? Don't critics live off the artists?" Such questions show lack of understanding, for if society values the arts and creates institutions for their development, anti-intellectual attitudes vanish. Let us consider the basic question: *What is the function of criticism?*

It may be asked: "Is not the layman's most valid experience directly with the work of art?" That goes without saying; and it would be folly to deny that there are many substitutes in culture. There is too much verbalization about art; and it is as bad to enjoy art vicariously as athletics. Too often taste and judgment are ready made or second hand. True, the work of art (painting, sculpture, symphony, poem) speaks for itself—if the artist has something to say and can say it. True, no mediator can give the direct, sensuous revivification of life the work of art can. In fact this truth underlies creative criticism. For the critic also creates in his own right. He too must experience, must respond to experience, and must give back experience as the organic substance of his art.

It is also true, that art is vast and cultural opportunity small. The greatest good will in the audience for art does not necessarily set up a reciprocal relation between the work of art and the human beings for whom it exists. In the art of the past, other civilizations spoke with other tongues, and these need translation. In our own time, the prevailing eclectic variety of expression often needs interpretation not only to the layman but even to the art press.

The function of criticism is to interpret. To give an obvious instance: eyes educated in the convention of film-art realism may need physical reeducation to *see* contemporary painting and sculpture. How, for example, can the critic paraphrase Picasso? The vogue for so-called "modern art" gives no answer. Fashion does not interpret or build a bridge to understanding. For interpretation, the critic must define the rationale of modern art, in terms intelligible to the layman. The critic may or may not be a partisan, but he surely must be an expositor as well as a translator.

Some argue that the interpreter is superfluous, that the art-

ist's intention can be read in his work. We hope this is always true. Some say the artist himself can interpret his work to the public, in words as well as in paint or stone. Many artists honestly believe this; and I hesitate to observe that this kind of "criticism" is no more professional criticism than a critic's amateur Sunday painting is necessarily "art." True, the amateur has much to offer; but the amateur cannot perform the work of the professional. We understand this in medicine, law, education, the sciences. In art criticism we do not. The lag is a significant index of our culture.

Interpretation, then, is criticism's first function. Since language is capable of conceptual formulations, being the most economical and condensed of mediums, words are the *lingua franca*, the international tongue, for interpretation. A great deal of nonsense has been uttered (but not among our better artists) about the impossibility of discussing one medium in another (non-visual) medium. One might conceivably initiate a system of criticism by painting a second canvas to interpret the first. The method seems unwieldy.

The second function of criticism is to evaluate. Not only must the critic interpret the artist's *intention*. He must weigh the effectiveness of the artist's *expression*. This may be done at the tempo of reportage or of art history. Whatever the tempo, evaluation calls for a judgment as to the *meaning* of the work of art itself.

It is at this point that criticism becomes creative, because here the critic's philosophy of art and life is made explicit. By what criteria and through what relations does this function operate? An example may make the point clear. It is simple, in retrospect, to describe art before the French Revolution. Souffle of cream-puff and frou-frou will suffice. But to set the rococo confections of Boucher and Fragonard in their time and place is more complex. Milton W. Brown has done so in his admirable monograph, *Painting of the French Revolution*. The struggle between the old regime and the new is presented as the essential background for understanding revolutionary French art. In such a method it is clear that charm, technical skill and worldly acclaim are not the sole standards by which art is to be measured.

Rather art is to be shown—in all its interlocking dynamics of style, institutions, patronage and intricate social relations—as the exact image of its age. If the age is big with portent of times to come and the art a tiny prisoned bird in a jeweled snuffbox, we may admire the craftsman's skill but wonder at the artist's *heart*.

Thus, to be aware of the tides in men's affairs which change history is part of the critic's armament, as it is part of the artist's. By this definition David, official painter of the French Revolution, has more meaning than Boucher. In David is imaged the portentous struggle of his age. So too "the Artist of the Revolution," Charles Willson Peale, has more significance than that consummate craftsman Copley who favored the Tories but never saw the republic rising in the West.

It seems that that old criterion, the *zeitgeist* which went out of favor with Hazlitt, has been resurrected in our time. Today we understand that *timeliness* is a prime factor in *timelessness* and that topicality dates the work of art far less than metaphysical "universality." For such reasons, in this time "of the shock of contact of . . . mighty armies" (as Oliver Wendell

(Continued on page 320)

VISIONS OF AN ARCHITECT

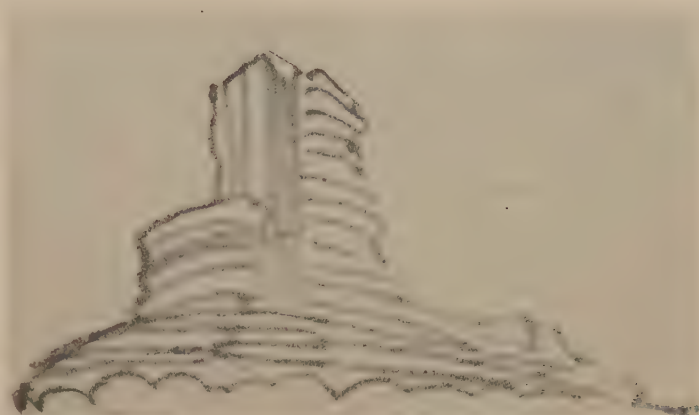
By ERIC MENDELSON

CREATIVE ACTS—the child's first sensations of body or mind, the engineer's inventions, the artist's conceptions, the revelations of the mystic—are based on visions, on the intuitive recognition of positive facts and potential consequences. This sudden appearance, as in dream or trance, of existence or of a yet unexperienced workability, a shape or truth not known before, is characterized by an intense concentration on material objects or mental phenomena. To the architect who thrives on his creative and inventive faculty, visions are the vitamins necessary to his artistic functions. Though the nature of the problems with which he is occupied and which he attempts to solve are mostly practical, the organization of space, its structural support and final appearance demand the constant presence of knowledge and research, incessant control, the will-power to coordinate facts and figures, means and desires.

However, the architect's work must function on a level where the building's usefulness, its structure and mechanics, are the intellectual conditions of an instinctive act, the conscious basis for an unconscious performance, the final visionary integration of all conditions into an organic whole. As the image of its creator's individuality, this must be a distinctive and lasting experience.

I remember, when, following my first lecture in the United States (at Columbia University's Architectural School), the students asked me whether I could redraw for them the first visionary sketch of one of my early buildings. I did not question the reasons for their request, though I know from my own college years how prone to suspicion and inquiry students are. Closing my eyes for a moment in order to recall—after two decades—site, plan and appearance, the 6B in my hand drew in one stroke the significant outline of that specific building. As a matter of fact, I recollected only the unforgettable moment when after much work and many trials the finished design seemed to equal my vision, became final and intelligible.

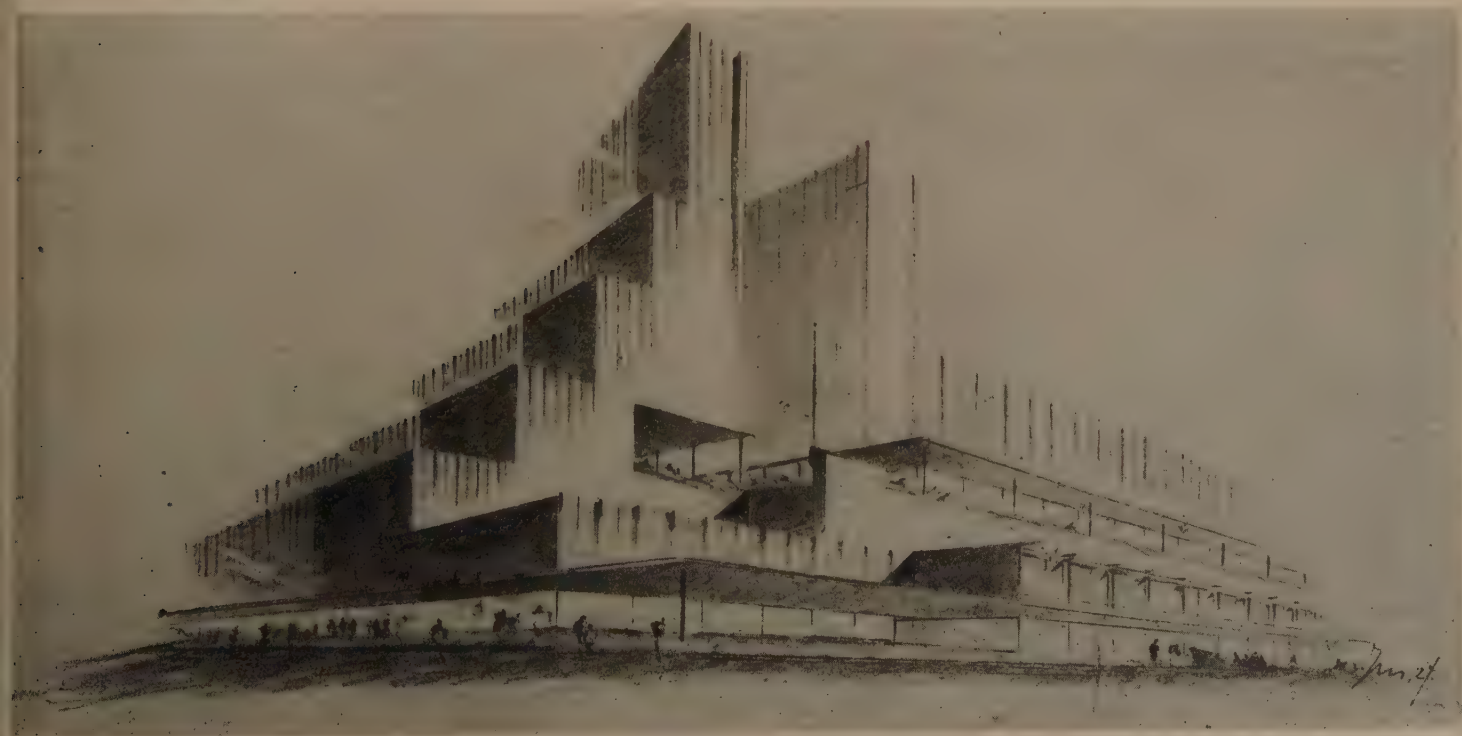
Architectural visions, however, are not confined to actual



Mendelsohn: Sketch for a skyscraper, 1922. "I tried to envisage the tectonics of a tall building from the aspect of what was going on inside. . . ."



Mendelsohn: Skyscraper according to zoning laws, 1924, after seeing Shelton Hotel and Equitable Trust Building. Below: detailed drawing, ". . . admitting metropolitan amenities."





Pittsburgh's "Golden Triangle" with Triangle Fort as it was and as it looks from the air today.

projects. Photographs and descriptions of new experiments in building often stir the artistic imagination to imaginary sketches. Having no real existence, they are mere notes of space and time, three-dimensional and rhythmic expressions of our age's material and mental propensities.

Many architects must certainly feel this urge, and have had this experience, but only a few seem to be willing to forget their common sense: to take their architectural dreams not as an artistic trick or pictorial magic, and to put them on paper as potential motives for future work. Or, as one of my college professors said, many have visions but only a few are able to depict them.

Years before Manhattan's skyscrapers put off their spires and baronial domesticity, I tried to envisage the tectonics of a tall building from the aspect of what was going on inside: the vertical lines indicating the mechanical traffic, the horizontals the piled up office floors. In making visible this "division of labor," the building's primary functions, their comparative plan-relations, became legible. In separating their functions, corridors and working spaces became exposed to the winds and the lights of the sky that gave the structure its hyperbolic name. Quickly stepping up the normal height of the street block to the skyscraper's top and slowly stepping down to the street corner, the sketch anticipated the provisions of the zoning law.

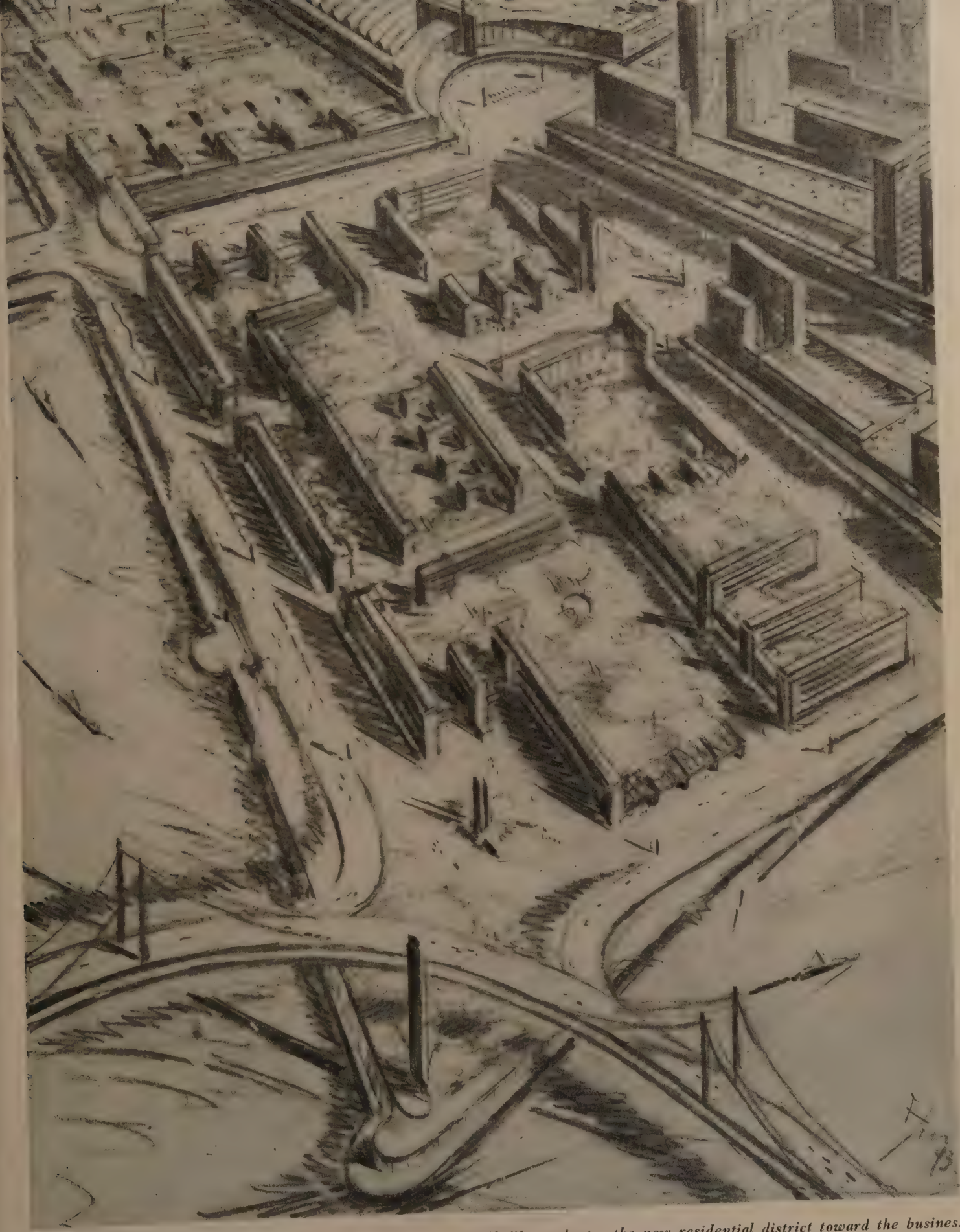
This legal instrument was in use when, in 1924, I visited the United States for the first time. The Shelton Hotel had just interpreted it in massive strokes, the American Radiator Company Building literally and pusillanimously in trickles. My vision, obviously influenced by the parallel blocks of the Equitable Trust Building and the Shelton's counterpoise, tried to envisage the new law turned in a more sensible direction. Under the impression of America's practical achievements this sketch represented the idea of a possible building project. To prove its practicability details were indicated and its principal features governed by human proportions, admitting the metropolitan amenities and festivity of open-air recreations and restaurants, which I felt New York's sunny climate well supports, and to which its inhabitants are entitled.

When, in 1941, these hospitable shores received me again, and a trip through the whole country made me realize America as a world in itself, rich in its material resources, powerful in its mental qualities, my visions turned from single buildings to the large scale projects of our post-war world.

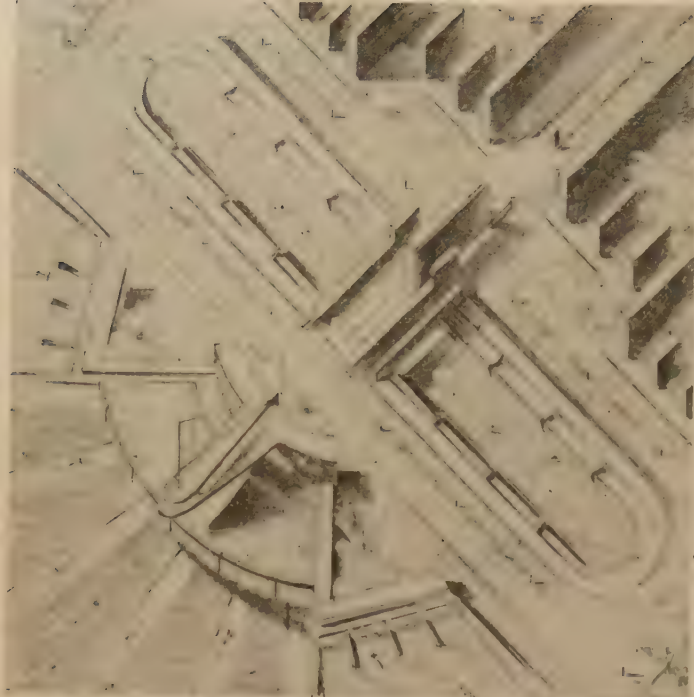
Pittsburgh's "Golden Triangle" has seen great booms in industry and building, but it has hidden the natural treasures of its lovely hills behind the chaotic shambles of the railway age, and crisscrossed the potential beauty of its twin rivers with a confusing display of early bridges straight from the steel nursery. This extraordinary site seemed to me disposed for the architectural urbanity of residential quarters around open spaces and public parks, protected against the river traffic by high flood-proof embankments and shady promenades. The sketch concentrates all railway traffic underground in the enlarged central station, and the industrial premises around and beyond it, and also combines the cross-river traffic into a semicircular system of double decker bridges. It graduates the new residential district toward the business center—the spatial accent of the whole plan—and restores to the pleasurable recreations of the city the site of the old Fort, the point of confluence, the "golden point," with gardens and multi-terraced restaurants.

Post-war metropolitan airports will be the first sights of America for Atlantic and Pacific visitors, her foremost reception rooms. As visual testimony of America's world guardianship, her representative entrance-gates should avoid the casual scale of mere utility, the transient vulgarity of a mechanical shop as well as the material exaggerations of imperialist pomp, for both will be discarded as inconsistent with the technological and democratic principles on which the world will be rebuilt. Nor should our airports be constructed as isolated giants, islands without direct and comprehensive traffic connection—urban, suburban, continental and inter-continental. In the air-age, airports must be from the very start what union and central stations finally became in the railway-age—the traffic magnet for the entire metropolitan area, from which the city must start and to which it can expand.

We can try to visualize this magnetic center. All rail traffic—



Mendelsohn: Design for Pittsburgh's "Golden Triangle," 1943. "It graduates the new residential district toward the business center—the spatial accent of the whole plan—and restores to the pleasurable recreations of the city the site of the old Fort, the point of confluence, the 'golden point,' with gardens and multi-terraced restaurants."



Eric Mendelsohn: Design for a metropolitan airport, 1943.

subway and railway—enters the terminal through various subterranean levels. With central administration building and a hotel, the terminal is accessible from the helicopter dromes serving suburban air-transportation; the helicopter garages at basement level in direct connection with auto garages at street level. From the terminal, underground passages lead to the airport: for continental landplanes, and transoceanic seaplanes, freight and passenger traffic separated. The airport is the central organ that feeds the city's main artery running amidst office buildings built in proportion to the extraordinary scale but regular pulse of its great heart, surrounded, in proper distance,

by neighborhood communities embedded in gardens and public parks—the human scale.

This is the order for which technique and science were invented. It will exert its influence, in thought and practice, on every project or institution.

It is the ideal project, however, where the architect's vision seems unrestricted, though here again his imagination must rest on purpose, plan, and structure which alone can render the ideal a practical potential, make sense of uncommon conceptions.

The world university, inspired by the beautiful site of Berkeley, California, uses the shore of San Francisco's bay for water sports and the university's social center, which is immediately connected with the five dormitories and the traverse studio building of the fine arts department: architecture and engineering, painting and sculpture, music and dance. The front building, bridging the university's bay-side entrance, serves the central administration. To the left, around the patio, are grouped the colleges for advanced studies: theology, philosophy and mathematics, leading to the science departments—human sciences: economics, sociology, medicine; and natural sciences: physics, chemistry and agriculture. The cultural institutes of the five world regions, America, Africa, Asia, Europe and Russia, with their elongated buildings for permanent exhibitions, crown the crest of the hill.

A plan of great complexity, a space-composition of utmost unity—imaginary but ready to be built.

Here, the genius loci—America's window to the Pacific—leaves no room for a parochial "college architecture," the obsolete remainder of feudal ages. Man's new age based on a world charter will have its science and technology in common, its ideas of justice and morality, and certainly its visual expressions. Architecture will speak in as many idioms as there are nations, a supra-national language which "One World" should understand. Its plans and structures will be guided by visions, as visions preceded and accelerated them. Personal they may be, but it is the individual architect who writes the story of architecture.

Eric Mendelsohn: Design for a world university, inspired by the site of Berkeley, California, on San Francisco Bay, 1943.



Abraham Rattner: 1492, 1942, oil, 25½ x 31¾ inches. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger, New York. Painted on the occasion of Rattner's own return to America after many years in France. "The egg is a kind of symbol of a whole new world."



AN AMERICAN FROM PARIS

By ABRAHAM RATTNER

EARLY one morning in Paris, 1939, our telephone bell rang. "Pack up and leave. The army has requisitioned the hotel. Germany has invaded Poland." That was the beginning of the end of my long stay in France. Europe was plunged into another world war. The lights were out again.

The guns were roaring not far away. But I couldn't leave France without trying to help. After all, France was fighting my war, too. But I was informed that I would have to give up my American citizenship if I wanted to fight for France. I loved France, yet I was an American. And I then came home—back to the land of my birth, back to the land in which I was raised, back to the land for which I fought in the last war—the United States.

I, like the other American G-I Joes of that war who came with me, had just experienced my first contact with the Old World—an old civilized society somewhat worn but nevertheless impressive to us. We recognized that those stones, those monuments, that noble architecture, and all the rest that constitutes the French atmosphere of distinction and style and grace, typified the Europe that had been part of the lives of our forefathers—and of all those generations before us who had come to America, from the first explorer, the frontier pioneer, the rebel of the Revolution, the maker of our Constitution, on down through every moment of our life as a nation.

We of the New World saw the civilization out of which we had been formed. We became conscious of the reality that we were part of it—and that it was part of us. When we returned to our own country, the New World, we remembered that revelation.

Thus it became necessary for me to go back to France. When the Pennsylvania Academy awarded me a Cresson Travel Scholarship, the moment of the new adventure had come. I returned to France, this time as an art student. My scholarship funds were soon exhausted. Yet I stayed on. I struggled as best I could through a long period of misery—without money. But I had never had much money—and had always known very much about misery—ever since I could remember, even in my own country. And somehow or other I continued to remain in France.

France was recovering rapidly from the pain, horror and sorrow of the war. The older values there, it seemed to me, were fading, and social tradition losing its momentum. But mass production was still held back because of its conflict with the prevailing and strong spirit of individualism and class division. Old European tradition and thought seemed in conflict with the growing importance of American quantitative standards and mechanical power.

In America these things were not impeded to any effective degree by tradition, individuality, or esthetic-intellectual interests, and were developed with the maximum of intensity. But signs in the Old World showed that it was on the march, too. France was adopting many things from America, but that old civilization, in the deeper things of the spirit, in its profound aspirations, was still fundamentally unchanged. It was like a beautiful cathedral which, having tiles missing in the roof, stained glass windows in need of cleaning and a sculptured façade in need of some reinforcing, still remains fundamentally a work of art. It still was impressive as a magnificent



Rattner: MOTHER AND CHILD, 1938, oil on canvas, 28¾ x 39¾ inches. Collection, the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. "More concerned with the purely esthetic . . . lyrical."

Rattner: THE JEWELLED CHRIST, 1943, oil, 16 x 28 inches. In the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lowenthal, New York. "Facing a second World War, I couldn't be an 'escapist' painter . . . The jewels are selfishness and the figure of Christ represents selflessness . . . good and evil."



achievement and seemed to promise that its glory as a work of art would continue to stand for a long time to come.

As an American interested in art and those things of the spirit, I felt a new urge. Having been brought up in the temple of mass production and the leveling workshop of American mechanical genius, I decided that now it had become necessary for me to enter this other temple of art and of the spirit. In due time I found how thought, here, was given serious direction and objectivity: how self-criticism was made important and self-satisfaction belittled. How it was essential to face the unpleasant things with frankness and honesty rather than to indulge in escapisms; how the artist was a respected member of the society no matter how successful or unsuccessful he was, or how he dressed or lived. His individual way of doing, thinking, and living was credited rather than discredited. How the mature atmosphere could be refreshing, young, new; how our instinctive nature is given its proper consideration; the value of an outspoken, uncensored discussion of an idea; the necessity of looking at life seriously; the importance of trusting and trying to understand with simplicity the love instincts; the same indulgence in our own amusement needs and in our attitude towards leisure—all these things, it seemed to me, were a fitting conditioning to life's understanding and to esthetic activity. They gave me the feeling of living the way the Bible reads. A similar emotional reaction comes to me now when I put it in this light. Because I felt that in this temple it was possible to dig very deeply and that such thinking about the problems, the realities of our existence might clear up some of the mystery about life and art. In this temple I was brought in focus with "measure" as a factor to all things in life—and I learned to understand the inseparable relationship between "measure" in these things of life, and "measure" in art.

These were years of maturing. They did not seem long years. Yet when it all came to an end, the end seemed sudden. Final. The lights had been growing dimmer with each new political crisis. Then they went out. An era was at an end. A new era will come to France—as it will come to the rest of the world. But that one was ended.

And I returned to the United States.

This time when I came home I was not in a G-I uniform. This time the few personal belongings were in a valise, but I carried much more. Everything material I possessed was in a suitcase—but I brought back with me much more than that. All the suitcases in the world could not contain the things I carried back home with me.

What I saw when I returned was an America gleaming gay and bright, indifferent to Europe's war, enjoying its distance from the guns I had heard a few days before, and apparently satisfied with the fact that there is an ocean to the right and an ocean to the left of this country's shores. Wherever I went, what I saw made me feel as if I were in a strange dream. And when I cried, "Be on your guard—there's a war a-coming here," I was greeted with the laughter of self assurance, apathy, or nonchalance. Often I was accused of being too wrought up over something that did not concern us in the United States, of bringing up an unpleasant subject, or of being a warmonger. Yet here and there I did come upon those who revealed by their sensibility that America was no longer completely adolescent or isolationist. Soon I was to see how really grown up our country had become.

Outwardly here the general impression was of the peak reached in the mass nature of production, opinions, enthusiasms, escapist diversions, amusements, etc. Standardization still ruled almost everything. Mediocrity was accepted when quality could have been demanded. The European masses, too, were

beginning to be attracted to these easily accepted material comforts. European society was reaching out for the vitamin its weakening pulse needed. It was ready for reform. The European civilization and organic society was old and mellow enough to turn a willing eye upon the new type of life here—the virility of streamlined machine power, the highly efficient mass production in standardized forms of quantity; the largeness of a spirit grown out of easy come and easy go and an inherited sense of a primigenous waste, and our plenitude of resources.

Yet the United States is peopled by the offspring of that old European stock. Over there each element is a separate entity. Here all of those elements are mixed together and have become homogeneous. Out of the kaleidoscopic reshuffling of the Old World elements here an offshoot has been molded of a somewhat changed caste of spirit of thinking and of doing. We had the railroad lines before isolated communities had a chance to get set and to develop differently from one another. Here was Europe transported. When they came to America these heirs to the old European civilization were confronted with a kind of life that demanded a more primitive and elemental approach if it was to survive. The old traditions of culture could not very well serve a purpose where simple physical vitality and even crude boldness was the only way of surviving the violence and hardship of a savage land; violent nature and climate had to be endured. These pioneers steeped in European culture and tradition were at grips with frontier wilderness. During the long struggle with these new conditions the old way of life was out of place. These American pioneers had to meet violence with violence, crudeness with crudeness, savagery with a new courage and primitive cunning. Culture was rather a handicap than a help. Therefore, for a long period in our history men had to be men first. Later they were ready again to become gentlemen.

I speak of this phase of American life because it is necessary to keep it in mind if one is to face the truth about our cultural development and its status today. I as an American artist, seeing my country again in a new perspective, cannot discard these facts of its background because art is profoundly interrelated to a country's spiritual and cultural development.

Those pioneers who were originally European cleared the way, but they never could discard the memory of their European background. Because the land they cleared soon had neighbors more recently arrived from Europe, who carried the fresh essence of the Old World with them. The latecomer from the Old World had to abandon some of the esthetic and intellectual part of his being and some of his old ideas on individuality, to take on the primitivity and simplicity needed to cope with the new life. Thus a leveling process went on in our society.

As this new spirit grew out of the old, the American idea of democracy and independence in a land of plenty fostered a desire to be an entirely separate and completely new entity. We wanted to be ourselves—un-European. A nationalistic attitude invaded the arts. Creators, critics, connoisseurs, collectors, etc., as well as the general public interested in art, have had to contend with esthetic judgments and opinions which were based solely on questions of national pride, honor, prejudices of race, creed and color. Works of art have been praised to the skies or belittled derisively on purely nationalistic and prejudicial grounds. This has been an open and frank appraisal or one hidden under a false face of noble sentiment. This is the kind of inferiority complex which causes waves of home-product boosting—or overemphasis and overvaluation of the foreign product, depending on which side the psychological compensation could be best rationalized. In the final count a work of art, which is based primarily on a universal language and regardless of its individual or racial nature is profoundly universal



Rattner: THE FISHERMAN, 1943, oil, 32 x 26. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lowenthal, New York. "I painted this after a visit to Martha's Vineyard, but it is also a fisherman of Galilee, caught in the struggle of the load he carries, which itself also suggests wings and redemption through suffering . . . the colors are blues, greens, and whites. . . ."

Rattner: THE EMPEROR, 1944, oil, 28¾ x 23¾ inches, Whitney Museum of American Art. "The quintessence of emperors—including the Hitlers. The colors are reds, yellows, golds—colors associated with power and wealth."





*Rattner: INTERIOR, 1943, on
25 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Collection
Encyclopaedia Britannica
"An arrangement to convey
feeling of time . . . a harmon
of contrasts in the plastic el
ments and suggested objects*

in its spirit, must be judged from the viewpoint of art. A work of art demands that it be considered with tolerance, open-mindedness, and reasonableness.

Intellectual curiosity can be disinterested, fearless, liberal, independent, tolerant, wide-ranged. Thinking and feeling, when they go hand in hand, can be of a highly civilized order. Creative activity, esthetic judgment, taste, vibrate with the forces of the spirit, and the resultant quality corresponds to the society out of which it springs.

When I returned to my country this time I was eager to find out for myself the more precise conception of the thing called American—the American life out of which I came and to which I had now again returned. What were the changes that had taken place, and particularly in the spirit of the people—the intellectual, esthetic, and social life? I knew I had to see and get to feel the rest of the country. I therefore decided to spend my first period at home in traveling about my country.

I was impressed by the homogeneity of our American society. The insistent demarcations of individualism of the French were not apparent here except in a few localities, forced by the resistance of natural barriers to standardization. The oneness of purpose, hopes and beliefs, of values, the conformity of various elements to a pattern of similarity, impressed me. Esthetic and intellectual divergencies were not taken easily. However, there was less similarity of aspiration represented in the art produced all over the country.

The American artist has to contend with the demand for "understanding" as a necessary attribute to "appreciation." The average American citizen can get excited about business as an adventure, and almost everyone is a prospector searching after the great adventure—to become a great success in business—the glorification of which tops everything else. It was here that imagination and vitality and creative power found their happiest achievement. But the individual attainment of cultural wealth was generally excluded from this aspiration.

Gratification lay in becoming a success, having an exciting adventure, and after that—well, "Money can buy anything." This, in my opinion, still characterizes our kind of materialism. It is not the having of the money that is so important. It is what money stands for—its symbolic value—that dazzles us. Art is something to possess. We haven't yet reached the imperative need to love art. Yet art is created out of love. Art creation is a manifestation of the mind, heart and spirit, and cannot develop out of a tendency to obliterate the variations of individual expression. Out of this direction has come in the past a mediocre level of art achievement. This has succeeded in giving satisfaction to the unconscious American demand for something that brings the greatest joy to the greatest number. This may be one of the reasons at times for our discomfort when European art is shown here. The determination to have a better material life makes us neglect the old-time urge for the nobler attainments. Our capacity to invest all our hopes in science blinds us to the needs of a simple human being who has but a few years in which to live. Then he dies. What did he have during those few years that gave him some real joy of living? Some token of consciousness that he was a human being and not a guinea pig for this machine world? With all our efficiency at machine-pulsed living, are we ourselves becoming more like machines, enslaved by the machine instead of making it our slave?

We know that the manifestations of the American spirit can be observed in the kind of thinking we do, in the way of our dress, the quality of our cooking, our love life, our religions, our entertainments, our economic life, our art, music, poetry and so on. Yet how little of our time and thought as people go into many of these things—how little consideration they receive as necessary elements in our way of life! Let each one examine for himself the nature of these manifestations if he wishes to know at what degree of mediocrity he has been living.

Our art reflects this way of life. Our style of life makes for this style of art expression. This is a truth revealed in the art

Rattner: "AMONG THOSE WHO STOOD THERE," engraving and etching in color, Chicago Art Institute. "I was thinking of the people who stood watching the crucifixion. The forms are inter-penetrating and related—a synthesis of the oneness of different and opposing forces."



of the past. The romanesque style came out of the romanesque way of life. The gothic style from the gothic way of life, the renaissance style from the renaissance way of life, and so with the rococo, the victorian, the 18th century, the 19th century, and now the 20th century. The cross-section of this panorama of history's pageant of its life and its art is so well documented by facts and existing evidence that there can be no doubt of this conclusion. And if we examine our contemporary way of life with this same honest contemplation of the facts, we can see the extension of the same measure in the art we are producing. One can be very impersonal in this frank consideration. The contemporary view of life, the kind of thinking and feeling we do, our formative ideas, our broader outlook beyond our own city or state or national borders, the emphasis on workmanship, skill, dimension, on the machine, make a hodge podge of contradictions. Virility in some directions, stagnation in other directions. We have this in our art. The level of creative achievement is far below the high mark reached in the utilitarian creative field. Money has ruled as the gauge of contemporary life. Finance and business are today's driving forces. These have reached a degree of decisive power over the whole scale of today's values. With this, hand in hand, goes technical and scientific achievement, all tuned to a democratic wave-length.

I mention these because they are the more visible and manifest aspirations of our civilization. Are we to conclude that art in America is condemned to mediocrity because the ideal, the goal, the spirit of our time is in these material things? Who can say the whither and when of these qualities and defects; who can foresee with accuracy the changes that may take place, and who would have the courage to make predictions at a time such as this, when the greatest emphasis of our creative effort has been given to winning a war?

But the war is now over. This war, its victory, as a factor in the development of our American civilization, will be overwhelming in its effect. For the United States it is a moment which marks the end of our years of growing up. From now on we will have passed into the next stage of the potential of our physical and spiritual possibilities. The past now is past. We

can well afford to look ahead. Will it be a life richer in spirit?

Artists, now as always, rebel against their martyrdom by a society which insists that art adjust itself to that society's own non-creative interests. Society here does not fully realize that fine arts, created solely for beauty, may be more useful to a commercial and industrial idea than those arts created solely to serve that commerce and industry. Virility in art does not lie in the force of materialism. Under materialism art loses its meaning as art. The sensitivity which is art fades out; that which takes its place misrepresents the noble position art should fill in our lives—and under the name of art we find the uninspired rationalizations of reason. I believe a new era is already here, that an awakening has taken place, that the new age will be marked by the imposition of the spirit on the materialism of tomorrow.

One is impressed by the potential creative and expressive power of American art, a new vigorous self determination. The new meanings for which the United States as a people is searching are also reflected in art; a struggle vibrates in it—not the "social conscious" struggle, but that more profound and significant one that belongs to the plastic nature of the painting itself. Painting here is going through the convulsions of its own life-and-death struggle—very similar to the life-and-death struggle of the world. It too is seeking that form in which it may most expressively organize the time-space-feeling elements. It too is going through its growing pains—as did our aviation, as did our navy, as did our army, as did our war effort and now our peace effort. It too is reaching out into new stratospheres of the heart and mind and soul, not heretofore manifested in our art because it has not been wanted in our social development. Art too has its new jet bombs, radar, wave-lengths, electronics and fourth dimensions. Will these put an end to painting as a human expression—as the others may do to humanity—just wipe it out?

I am of the firm conviction that, on the contrary, works of fine art will parallel in quality the high mark in our civilization's next period. I am sure the artists' plastic war will keep abreast of the people's war and win (*Continued on page 327*)

CHRISTMAS CARDS AS POPULAR ART

By PAUL McPHARLIN



15th Century German New Year's Card. Woodcut. The inscription reads: "Here I come from Alexandria and bring many good years to give generously. I will give them for almost no money and have only God's love for my reward."

THE art of the Christmas card is a popular art, not a sophisticated one, and as with so many popular arts, its effectiveness lies more in the finish of its execution than in its substance. For example, a pretty snow scene printed in gray and blue is more effective than a reproduction of a Madonna in faithless colors; a clear linoleum-block print is more effective than a hazy halftone printed sloppily by high-speed presses; and a design prepared for the printing process to be used is more effective than one made without thought of it.

For the proliferation of Christmas cards the printing press is responsible; they are a popular art in the same sense that Currier and Ives prints, Sears Roebuck catalogues, and pin-up girls are popular art. They are something of a newfangled notion, for our present pattern of Christmas celebration is only a century old. Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and Dicken's "Christmas Carol" give authentic data on the rites of the well-to-do and the poor, respectively, about 1840; after morning church there was a festive dinner, then a hearthside gathering or dance; no gifts were exchanged, no stockings hung; no trees decorated, and certainly no special cards sent. American customs following English, and English customs taking color from Germany when Victoria married Albert (a royal Christmas tree first glistened in England in 1840), our Christmas cards are of Continental origin.

However, on the Continent greeting cards are still sent chiefly at New Year's. The exchange of New Year's gifts and greetings dates from pagan times; as early as the reign of Commodus there were gift lamps and medals marked with good wishes for the New Year. It is logical to seek the first printed New Year's greetings where the first European printing presses were established, in the Rhine Valley. Indeed, New Year's cards have a long tradition in China, where printing was invented. There is a German card of the 1450's with a picture of the Christ Child—a New Year's card, nevertheless—and a chest spilling over with good wishes; another with a ship bringing a cargo of treasure. These crude woodcut designs, not unlike those in the block books which were the first inexpensive picture books, were sometimes stencilled in colors to make a cheerful splash. They were nothing like the fine miniatures, the sophisticated art, of the period. But they were jolly and they must have given a warm feeling to many a pleased recipient.

New Year's cards in those early days were special tokens for special people, not an indiscriminate benison. Certain

individuals, orders, and guilds who had access to printing would give them. Sometimes they were a reminder that a New Year's tip was in order, as when they were distributed by confraternities of tower wardens, newsboys, or theater ushers. It has been stated that the first New Year's cards were made by engravers' apprentices to take home as an earnest of what they had accomplished in the course of the year; some such cards there were, if not the first ones. A masterful one, not apprentice work, was engraved in 1704 by George Bickham, the English writing master. In a *trompe l'oeil* montage he assembled scraps of print, playing cards, penny sheets, even a leaf of a manuscript psalter, all having allusion to holiday good cheer. It was not only a greeting but an advertisement of his cleverness of hand.

By the end of the 18th century, both in Germany and Italy, artists' greeting cards became a feature of the New Year's season. The artists were able to show their work under more dignified guise than on a trade card, and the artists' patrons and friends looked for them eagerly, for they were better done than the stock printed greeting. This special class of cards does not fit into the popular art category. It is mentioned because it had a direct influence on later commercial cards which were indeed a manifestation of popular art; popular art is always an offshoot of sophisticated art. An artist's card would occasionally bring a commission for a private card for a wealthy person; and eventually the print-sellers and stationers commissioned designs for sale to anyone who would buy. Such cards became a substitute for the formal New Year's call, bearing jingles like: "*Ich bin gehindert und kann nicht selbst kommen, Also mein Compliment und nicht Übel aufgenommen.*" ("Sorry I can't come myself to call. Accept my greetings. May no harm befall.")

Many stock cards were in the shops on the Continent by the 1820's. They had spaces where the sender's and the recipient's names could be written in. All sorts of ingenious forms were available; large prints to be folded up to letter size, embossed sheets on which to inscribe your own verse (these used interchangeably for birthday, anniversary, or Valentine greetings), leaflets with flaps or pierced-work which lifted to reveal a picture, and cards with slots for pull-out slips, with appliquéed revolving discs, pop-ups, and other animated parts—devices still amusing in novelty cards or children's books. But all of these were New Year's cards.

The first stock English Christmas card which has survived (it turned up on a collection of skating pictures in the British Museum) is dated 1842. In monochrome, it is from a design by W. M. Egley, Jr.; among its various scenes divided by treillage half-rustic, half-gothic, are skaters, the Christmas pantomime Harlequin and Columbine, and a puppet booth—all holiday fun; it looks not unlike a German New Year's card. Better known because it was long thought to be the first stock English card is one lithographed from a design by J. C. Horsley, R.A., in 1846; it too has a rustic border dividing a triptych of scenes and looks German. Little by little the Germanic flavor was permeated by one more British, which lingers in certain American cards to this day.

The common process for printing a picture at the beginning of the 19th century was by transferring ink from the grooves of an engraved copper plate to dampened paper. Brought to gentility by Bewick, the wood-engraving was used in conjunc-

tion with types, as in book illustrations, but being more laborious to cut, if not to print, than the engraving, it was slow to gain acceptance in separate picture sheets. Portraits, political cartoons, maps, sentimental views, the whole popular print gamut, were done from copperplates. By the 1840's a new process made inroads into the use of engraving both on metal and wood; it was lithography: oily ink was drawn upon the surface of a smooth stone, the stone was dampened, and more ink would be applied, adhering only to the design and not to the watery, uninked surface, for pulling a print on paper. Chromolithography, printing various colors together on one sheet from a series of stones, supplanted the old time-consuming process of hand-tinting through stencils. Chromos rose to perfection as the Christmas card emerged; both were ripe for each other in the 1870's. A beautifully slick medium, chromolithography—the very thing for popular art.

In 1851 German lithographed Christmas cards were already being printed for the English trade. Marcus Ward and Company, lithographers with a Belfast plant, in 1867 made up Christmas cards of their own (the previous year they had printed humorous Christmas cards for Charles Goodall & Sons) by mounting German chromos within borders they themselves printed. Not long thereafter Ward, whose art director was Thomas Crane, Walter Crane's brother, was printing Walter's decorative, reproduceable designs and the delicate Regency children of Kate Greenaway, who had been "discovered" by William H. Ward of the firm, on Christmas cards. The combination of soft, clear color possible by the printing process, with the wistful subject-matter, so sympathetic to the house-bound Victorian lady, made for an art of tremendous popularity.

Louis Prang, having learned the trade of calico printing on the Continent, came from Breslau to New York in 1850. Here he learned wood-engraving under Frank Leslie. Won over by the possibilities of the newer medium of lithography, he opened a lithographic shop in Boston in 1856; his first print was a four-color bouquet of roses. By 1865 his color work was so fine that it was ordered from England. A woman employee in his London office suggested in 1873 that he print "Merry Christmas" on some of his floral cards in the space left blank for a signature. He tried it; the Christmas cards, despite their summery blossoms, sold readily on both sides of the Atlantic. Many of the Prang nosegays had been designed by Mrs. O. E. Whitney in the tradition of ladies' flower painting, stylized, stiff, and eminently suited to reproduction by chromolithography. Prang isolated the bright sprigs on a black background which made them all the brighter. Here was a popular art satisfactory in finish and in subject.

Seeing a display of Marcus Ward cards at the Philadelphia Centennial exposition in 1876, Prang was spurred to excel them. To his floral subjects the next year he added a set of six cards showing amusing effects of the telephone on daily life, and carrying the greeting, "My best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year I send you by the Telephone." They were printed in gentle blue, tan, and gray. By 1878 Prang was printing cards for Arthur Ackermann in London. He devised designs with children romping in the snow and around a Christmas tree. And his repertory of Christmas subjects increased from year to year while his color printing remained unsurpassed. For certain cards he used as many as seventeen colors. This afforded grays, tans, and two or three kinds of red, yellow, and blue, a palette as subtle as that of any painter. The fine grain of the stone, less perceptible than the dots of the halftone screens in use today, made for delectable smoothness. The colors were not separated



Such English cards of the 1870's were popular in America.



Prang floral card, about 1877, the greeting an afterthought.



Prang telephone card, used for Christmas and trade cards.

Irrelevant humor appeared in Victorian Christmas cards.





Prang Prizewinners: Frederick Dielman, 1882; Rosina Emmett, 1881; Florence Taber, 1882. (Museum of the City of New York)

by a camera but by a lithographic craftsman's sensitive eye; the forms were drawn on the stone by trained draughtsmen who were capable of strengthening and improving what they copied. We cannot equal Prang's effects today even by the excellent process of color collotype, which is without screen dots. When his prints are reproduced by halftone in black and white they become insipid dilutions.

This finished process assured popularity even without the inducement of pretty flowers, winning children, kittens, puppy-dogs. With unnecessary concern for his subject matter, Prang in 1880 offered prizes for Christmas card designs; Raphael Tuck ran a similar contest in England that year. Much publicity of course attended the awards; the entries were put on exhibition in art galleries. Then the winning designs were printed on large cards, costing as much as a dollar apiece, with all the hundreds of prize dollars shown big on the back, so that a recipient might for a moment be impressed that he was getting the windfall of a fortune. But all this was uncomfortably pompous for the public, even those extravagant souls who spent a dollar to show someone how rich they were. Competitions went on for a few years; other companies followed the mode; winners were chosen not only by art critics but by the public itself; but the furor soon subsided. The prize designs were often too painty to reproduce well even by versatile chromolithography; certainly few of them were on a level with the good painting of the time.

The chromo era, then, gave an aura of excellence to the work of minor or anonymous artists, while it did little for the painters we now consider to be its best. This is to be expected in a popular art. People were sincere in liking jewel-bright flowers printed in seventeen colors, and the flowers made millions happy.

By 1890 new and cheaper photographic reproductive processes came in. Cheap cards—again from Germany—glutted the market. Tinsel, appliquéés, and novelties took the place of good printing. Designs offered no recompense for the graphic shortcomings. The vogue for picture postcards forced Christmas cards into postcard format. But at the beginning of this century there was a brief resurgence, following the impact felt in America from the English private presses. Alfred

Bartlett of Boston gathered W. D. Teague, T. M. Cleland, W. A. Duggins, Fred Goudy, Edward Penfield, and Bruce Rogers to design cards for him with emphasis upon decorative lettering; these had little influence on the mass of cards.

In the 1920's came the Volland cards, first in America to use the offset printing process and watercolor inks. They stood out above the general mediocrity with their bright flat colors, though they were a little too unliteral to be truly popular. In the 1930's there was a renaissance of concern with design in the American Artists Group and Illustrators and Designers cards. These enterprises reproduced paintings or drawings by estimable contemporary artists. Whether it was competent art or not, the public did not perhaps much care, though it was duly impressed by the galaxy of names involved; to have a painting by a recognized name on your Christmas card was like having the same sort of painting over your fireplace; it gave you social merit. There was, however, no doubt of the appeal of such old stand-bys as snow scenes, Christmas revelers, and even pretty flowers, when reinterpreted by these names. It is significant that the illustrators and designers, working for the process of reproduction to be used, achieved better prints than the painters who worked in their usual way and threw their work upon the untender mercy of the halftone process. Many a subtle piece of coloring or drawing was thereby lost; artists who tended to use crude color and flat modeling came off much better. Among all these cards the frozen landscapes of Rockwell Kent and Dale Nichols, done in crystalline line which defies the printer to spoil it, are an example of the technique which makes for abundant popularity.

This season a series of cards designed by Ruth Reeves for exclusive sale by Saks Fifth Avenue demonstrates the validity of working for a process of reproduction. The designs were done in flat color and printed in the same flat color, tone for tone; a drawing with twelve colors was printed in twelve colors; the weakening screen of the halftone was not permitted to interfere with the brilliance of the original. Designs such as these point the way to a new phase in card printing, a phase which may combine the excellent effects of the chromo era with better-than-the-run design. The people have no objection to good art so long as their cards are pretty.



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CRITICISM SYMPOSIUM

(Continued from page 306)

Holmes wrote of our Civil War) we ask of art not only that it be technically adroit but that it have contemporary meaning.

It was not so long ago—in the summer of the fall of France,—that a great modern dancer said to me she was “no longer interested in themes of contemporary significance.” This attitude is not unique with the artist who expressed it. Historically, it is the end product of “art for art’s sake,” with art and the artist absolved of responsibility to convey content, to communicate, to be intelligible. A minor tragedy of the war years has been the enforced absence of American artists from active participation in the war. During these years, many of our most talented artists have been driven back to spiritual isolation because no channels of use for the visual arts were created. That our artists were not allowed to fight well without guns is an index of the inorganic place of art in American life. Our allies, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and China have waged war and still made use of artists. Why we have not, except on a limited private scale, is another story.

Though the critic must understand the forces which produce the attitude of withdrawal, he need not accept this as the noblest flower of the human spirit. He has the option of estimating a period as large or small. More, he has the duty to seek to broaden the horizon of art in his own day. I hope this does not mean he (or she) must be a Cassandra, shrieking down the mouldy corridors of museums. It does mean that he must reach the artist as well as layman.

If the times are great and art little, the critic must point this out. He may plead, promulgate, cajole, persuade, even blackmail perhaps, so that the *meaning* and the *effect* of art strive to be as great as history. Some critics argue that they are above this duty. Artists have done so also, and scientists, and intellectuals in every field. If one reviews the rise of fascism and war, one may answer that such a philosophy of the role of the artist in society is one reason why terror and death have enveloped the world.

The artist is (we say—and believe) the voice of mankind, the conscience of humanity. To express in his work the vastest dreams and noblest hopes of man is his function. Not the decay of man, not the decline of civilization, are the necessary themes of art today, but the ascent of man, the growth of freedom. This is the arena of life in which art operates today. This is the critic’s theater of action.

II. OLIVER LARKIN

The Critic and the Work of Art

A WORK of art can be many things to many people, but first and foremost it is something to be *experienced*, something that happens to some one. The artist, a person more sensitive and more perceptive than most of us, has selected from experience what has special meaning and importance for him, and he has the capacity to make lines, colors, shapes, volumes, and spaces which express that meaning and that importance. There is in his work both form and content; but if he has been successful, form and content have become a synthesis, one and inseparable.

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The layman's experience of the work of art, in turn, may be a thin one or a richly satisfying one, the result depending as much on the observer as on the thing observed. One layman will rest happy with the subject matter; another will delight in the sheer sensations of shape, color, rhythms, and textures, ignoring content. Neither has fully experienced the work of art, in which form and content should intensify, enrich and complete each other until the work has a total meaning. Experiences with art are more coherent, more many-sided, more complete, more vividly compelling than most of the experiences that come to us every day. They change our consciousness, hence our lives; they add something to our knowledge of ourselves and of our world.

One task of the critic therefore is to deal with art as experience, helping the immature layman toward a more rewarding traffic with the work, and guiding the more cultivated toward still more intelligent understanding. The critic *mediates* between art and artist on the one hand and people on the other, and thus moulds the *responsiveness* of people. To do this, it is obvious that the critic himself must be capable of having a full artistic experience. Is it equally obvious that he always is?

Although, as Horatio Greenough remarked in 1855, "the perfect critic is a thing impossible," we can sum up the qualifications he ought to possess.

First, he must develop superb sensitiveness to the *sensations* which the work offers, and to those visual relationships which constitute its form. In reading art criticism, one does not always feel that this has happened; too often one seems to hear the critic muttering: "What can I possibly say about Number 168?" The critic must also be able to share his experience with his readers, not only as objective description, but also as per-

sonal response,—alive, fresh, exciting. He is himself an artist, with words.

Second, the critic must try to understand what the artist was trying to do, and know something about the materials, technically and materially speaking, with which the artist was doing it. If the critic is an artist, so much the better. If he knows artists and goes among them, that helps too. He must understand the *content* of the work in relation to its *forms*. The critic has not done his job when he conveys the sensations and formal characteristics, or the intellectual and emotional overtones of the work, nor when he has discussed subject and content alone: but only when he has fused all of these in his consciousness.

Third, we expect the critic to judge the work, not only in itself, but in relation to the whole work of the artist, sometimes to an entire art movement, or to the art of a period. If he is to do this, he must have a philosophy of art, a concept of its place and meaning in human experience. This concept will enable him to take a stand, to evaluate and not merely to produce a collection of random enthusiasms.

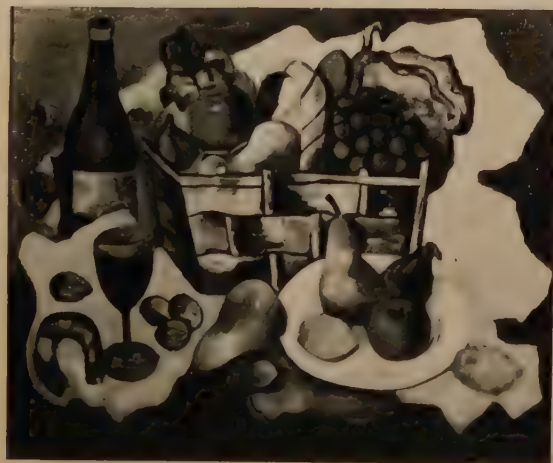
Many writers on art in the past have been, in the above sense, complete critics. Diderot, a quarter of a century before the French Revolution, brilliantly compared Boucher and Chardin. He wrote that not one of Boucher's cherubs looked as though he could read, write, learn his lessons or peel hemp. He called them the rosy-bottomed little bastards of Bacchus and Silenus; and his sense of the historic movement of his time made it possible for him to write about Chardin with astonishing and prophetic perception:

"Oh Chardin, it is no mere white, red and black that your brush lays on the canvas. It is the very substance of natural objects, it is air and light themselves

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that you have at your brush's tip. Go close to the painting and everything is confused and flat. Look at it from a distance and the whole thing recreates itself."

In 1845, as Lionello Venturi has pointed out, the poet Baudelaire first understood the true relationship of Ingres, Delacroix and Daumier. After a truly modern definition of drawing he said:

"We know only two men who draw as well as M. Delacroix, one in a similar manner, one in a contrary one. The first is M. Daumier, the second M. Ingres—these three methods have this in common; they express perfectly and completely that aspect of nature they want to express,—they say *precisely* what they mean. Daumier draws perhaps better than Delacroix, if you prefer solid, sane qualities to the strange and astonishing faculties of a great genius sick with his own genius. M. Ingres draws perhaps better than either if you prefer laborious refinement to an harmonious ensemble, fragment to composition."

As we approach our own time, we find many critics who seem unable to *experience* works of art as wholes. Roger Fry was extraordinarily sensitive to the sheer forms of a work of art and described his response magnificently, but he never succeeded in building a philosophy of art in which form and content found synthesis in relation to life. Royal Cortissoz, on the other hand, has judged art by a philosophy which upon occasion blinded him to the visual, formal and emotional qualities in paintings. He praised Fortuny, that confectioner of pictorial bon bons, and regretted in Eakins the absence of the beauties and graces of painting.

Why do so many others write about art with less than completeness? It is perhaps as difficult to be a whole critic today as to be a whole person. Contemporary art often behaves as though it had broken its continuities with the past, had burned its bridges. It changes rapidly, in content and in form; and there is an enormous variety of effort. It is natural therefore, that some critics should decide to consider art only in what Mr. Soby has called "the half-flight of strict contemporaneity," and to act as though there had been no past. It is understandable that others, bewildered and offended by the seeming anarchy of present day art, should act as though there were no present.

In the second place, much recent writing is in violent reaction against earlier impressionistic criticism, and against over-emphasis on subject matter; hence the growth of what might be called surgical criticism, concentrating on so-called "plastic" values and often suggesting that its authors have little love for art or people. Such criticism makes dull reading; it skillfully takes the work apart but does not always re-assemble it.

In the third place, our lack of a community concept or philosophy of life—beliefs and values which are shared by critic, artist and layman and whose existence can be assumed—forces the critic to build a narrow philosophy of his own or to take refuge in that ancient device of suspended judgment. Moreover, the large number of exhibitions to be "covered" by the critic, leaves him no time for that prolonged *experience* of the work of art which is essential for judgment. The critic, in such circumstances, may rest content with reporting the art parade as it goes by. When he does upon occasion sit down to write general reflections, we see the result of the occupational hazards to which the poor man has been subjected. We find him posing an important question and then putting it off, or taking refuge in "if," and "on the other hand."

In the fourth place, there is a wide gap in America between people who know little or nothing about art and people who

know almost too much. A consequent division of labor among critics produces individuals who write to, and for, a group or clique, using appropriate jargon. For the sophisticated there is a kind of impressive obscurity. For the rest there is a type of popularization which provides first aid to the ignorant, trying to make people feel at home on the level of aesthetic taste where they now stand. By such a critic, Thomas Benton can be described as one of the few living artists with a first-rate mind. He can be credited with the ability to "live" (a rather common talent, after all) and to create, and with the power to think, which seems to this critic a rare and unusual phenomenon among artists. Such over-simplification can scarcely be called criticism.

Finally, there is a situation for which the critic himself is not responsible. There never was a time in American life when so many people were excited about art and making an effort to understand it. But people seem to be more word-conscious than image-conscious. They become hypnotized by words, and end by substituting the critic's description of an art-experience for their own real experience of the work, for which there is no true substitute. In these circumstances, criticism does not mediate, but gets between the layman and art.

In sum, it seems to me that the art critic fails to live up to his high calling when he (1) dissects esthetic organisms and allows the subject to die on the table, (2) invents critical lingo which categorizes but does not illuminate, (3) considers both the artist and the layman as essentially non-intelligent creatures, or (4) dodges the responsibility for taking a stand.

One sometimes wonders whether critics really *like* art. And what kind of art do they like? For a recent exhibition in Cincinnati, 57 critics from 26 cities in 18 states each named two recently executed paintings which they considered important. The result was depressing. It would be unfair to pass judgment on the individual choices. What is significant is that, as a whole, the exhibition was characterized by a mildly modern factualism. There were some works with emotional richness or formal excitement; but the more venturesome among American artists were not conspicuous by their presence. People who saw the Cincinnati show must have said, "I had no idea there was so much dull painting in America." It may also have occurred to them, as they wandered among so much tiresome competence, to wonder if art critics today are leaders of taste, or merely led.

III. LLOYD GOODRICH

Criticism and Scholarship

I AM assuming that direct experience of the work of art is fundamental, and that the chief function of criticism is to enrich that experience by interpretation and evaluation. But scholarship can also enrich it: by telling us who the artist was and what kind of man, when he created the work, its function, its subject, its meaning for the age that produced it, and something about the society from which it sprang. All this historical and factual information the scholar can give us better than the critic, who is more concerned with esthetic values.

What is scholarship? Primarily, it is knowledge. Like the scientist, the scholar builds on and contributes to the accumulated knowledge in his field. Even the minor scholar, by his patient spadework, makes his contribution. In its cooperative and cumulative character scholarship differs from criticism, which is a more individual art. But the ideal scholar

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must have more than knowledge: he must also have imagination, esthetic sensitiveness, the gift of communication—in other words, the qualities of the good critic. His scholarship must be informed throughout by the critical faculty, which is something akin to the artist's creative gift. Scholarship in the ordinary sense can be acquired, but the critical faculty, like the creative, must be inborn.

Scholarship requires long, thorough research, and time and opportunity to do it. Few newspaper critics have the time, so that most of our scholars are found in museums and colleges, where specialization in particular fields permits intensive study, or they are private individuals in a financial position to devote themselves to scholarship. Even in museums and colleges, facilities for research are still limited. Museums are primarily collecting and exhibiting institutions, colleges are primarily teaching institutions, and in both, research has been a secondary function. The pressure of administrative work for museum curators and of teaching for college staffs leaves little time for it. The longest period most of them have for research is when they are studying for their Ph.D.'s. But for both museum workers and teachers, research is essential. It furnishes the raw material out of which good exhibitions and good teaching are made. Science long ago realized the importance of research. It is a promising sign that museums and colleges are coming to the same realization, and are making it more possible for staff members to devote part or sometimes all their time to research.

Scholarship in America has still to establish a vital relation to our society. To the public the very word has a forbidding sound. We all know the proverbial definition of the scholar as "a man who knows more and more about less and less." Unfortunately there is a good deal of truth in this. Our scholars have been too much engrossed in factual details that have only a marginal relation to the central meaning of art. Problems of attribution and dating have become an intellectual game to them, as fascinating and insidious as detective stories. They have been prone to petty controversies among themselves. They have written not for the public but for each other—and too often *at* each other. They have devoted themselves too much to minor art, simply because it has not been studied before.

A deadening influence on scholarship has been the colleges' overemphasis on the history of art. The historical method is unquestionably basic, but it has been stressed at the expense of content. Far more emphasis is placed on historical evolution, on attribution, on the Teutonic pastime of tracing influences, than on critical understanding. The practice of art, which can contribute vital sensuous experience, has only occasionally been integrated with art history and appreciation. There has been too much reliance on books, too little on eyes.

A particularly limiting factor is that advanced collegiate research must be confined to subjects not previously published. To get a Ph.D. one must submit a thesis on an original subject. This would be an admirable rule if originality were interpreted as applying to viewpoint and ideas. But usually it means only that the factual material must be new. The practical result is to force students into the study of second-rate art, into "knowing more and more about less and less." But why should not a thesis on Michelangelo, if it shows genuine critical ability, be as worthy of consideration as a treatise on some tenth-rate follower of Michelangelo who for good and sufficient reasons has been buried in oblivion?

Our scholars have been too inclined to fixation on the past. By and large, college art curricula include relatively few

courses on art since the French Revolution. The outstanding exceptions are the progressive state universities in the Middle West. Conservative educators still feel that there is not yet enough perspective on modern art to permit safe judgment. This ignores the facts that our judgment of the past is also subject to change, and that our judgment of the present is not always wrong. It also ignores the educational value of this very changeableness, which develops the student's capacity for independent judgment. Museums, which by their nature are more closely in touch with public taste, have shown a more enlightened attitude, and have fostered most of the research in modern art.

This is not meant to minimize the importance of research in the past. There will always be need for that. One of the few predictable things about taste is that it changes. Forgotten artists and schools are constantly being rediscovered. In our own time we have seen the rediscovery of El Greco, of African negro and aboriginal art, of the ancient art of Central and South America, of the Baroque, of 19th-century romanticism and naturalism. Each new generation looks to the past for prototypes. This means continuous rediscovery and research. But this is creative research, bearing a vital relation to the modern world, and quite different from the exhuming of minor facts about minor art that goes too much under the name of scholarship. Such creative research influences the taste and thought of our own period—the most valuable function of the scholar as of the critic, teacher or museum worker, for if scholarship has no perceptible influence on the present-day world, it is hard to justify its existence.

Reappraisal of major art should be as important a function of the scholar as exploration of minor art. Great art has something new and fresh to say to each generation. We see different things in Michelangelo, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, than our fathers and grandfathers did. To express these things, with the whole background of knowledge that the scholar possesses, could be one of his greatest functions—but it is one that he has sadly neglected. By overemphasizing the historical and factual viewpoint and neglecting the critical, he has lost one of his most important social functions.

In few countries or periods has there been such widespread popular interest in art as in America today. No country has so many or such active museums. The American conception of the museum as an institution actively engaged in public education and not as a mere repository for works of art, is quite different from the traditional European conception. We have many more exhibitions than a generation ago, more art magazines and books, more lectures and radio programs; and when television comes, art may well fulfill the same function in relation to it that music now does to radio.

Today, through radio, the masterpieces of music are reaching the widest public in the world's history. But by its very physical nature, the work of plastic art cannot be "performed." It is a unique object; it can be in only one place at a time. So it has to be seen chiefly by reproduction—in books, magazines, color prints, photographs, lantern slides, television. In this tremendous task of presenting great art to the public, the scholar, by virtue of his knowledge, should play a leading part.

Never has there been so much need for inspired interpretation of art to the public. In no other form of creative activity is there such popular misunderstanding as to its fundamental nature, as in visual art. Most people still think of it as imitation of nature, story-telling in images instead of words. They are

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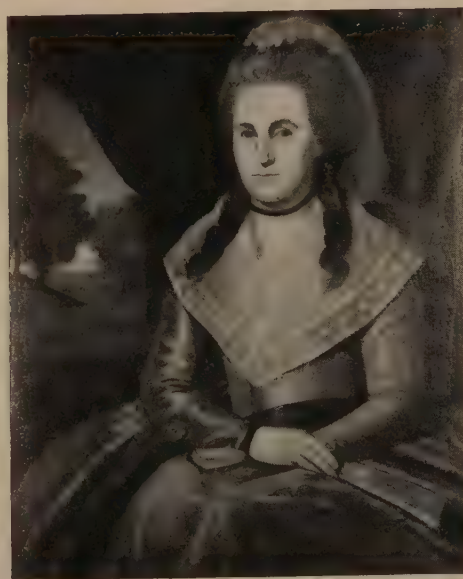
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still largely blind to the elements of form, color and design that are the most enduring things in art. Public taste in music, fiction or drama may often be bad, but there is no such basic incomprehension and no such need of fundamental popular education.

The public's growing hunger for art has inevitably resulted in attempts to satisfy it in the cheapest and most profitable way. Many recent popular art books have been little more than collections of bad reproductions thrown together with minimum effort or knowledge. Scholars have had little part in these popular publications. Their writings appear in learned journals whose subscribers are numbered by hundreds, or in books whose small editions and high prices place them beyond the average person's reach; while the enormously important task of public education is being performed chiefly by hack writers.

Criticism itself would benefit by more active participation from scholars. Most newspaper critics have to write too much and too often about too many different kinds of art to produce criticism of any enduring quality. And they are concerned so largely with the temporary and the minor that they tend to lose sight of standards. Musical and literary critics are in constant contact with major works, but art critics, because of the physical uniqueness of the work of art, are called upon less often to review major art; and when they are they have no adjectives left. Their pages could stand more of the solidity, weight and concentration of scholarly writing. I should like to see newspapers try the experiment of occasionally turning their art columns over to scholars as guest conductors. It ought to be good for critics, scholars, and public.

In brief, this is a plea for more scholarship in criticism, and more criticism in scholarship.

The scholar has an important role to play in the modern world. He should break away from his preoccupation with exploring the minor art of the past, and assume a much more direct and vital relation to the public. And institutions, on their part, should give him a larger role. They should allow him wider opportunities for research. He should have more to do with exhibitions, lecturing, television, popular books, newspaper and magazine writing. In the culturally richer post-war world, it is to be hoped that the scholar may be freed more for scholarship, and at the same time have more to do with the world in which he lives. To close the gap between scholar and public is an important problem for museums, colleges, publishers, and for scholars themselves.

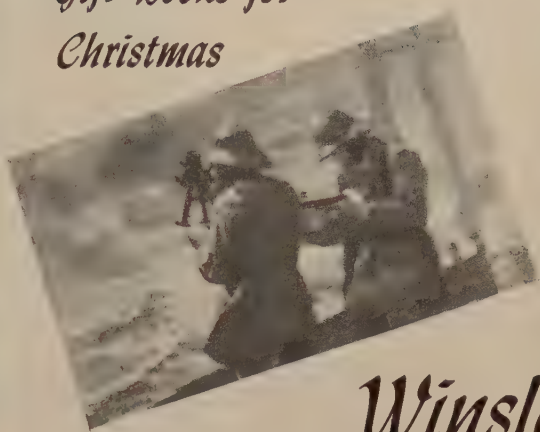
AN AMERICAN FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 315)

its way to freedom. I like to think that artists, in this country, will be given the same respect our G-I Joes get. Our society promises to take care of its fighting boys. I like to think it will also care for the other fighting boys—those who are quietly and courageously struggling to bring forth out of our spiritual reawakening some semblance of justification for the sacrifice of their brothers?

I have met with artists, visited with them all over the country. From every corner comes the report of the same conditions of their struggle—not only the struggle to create a work of art (which in itself is a torture few beings outside of an artist's studio know anything about), but in addition the struggle for

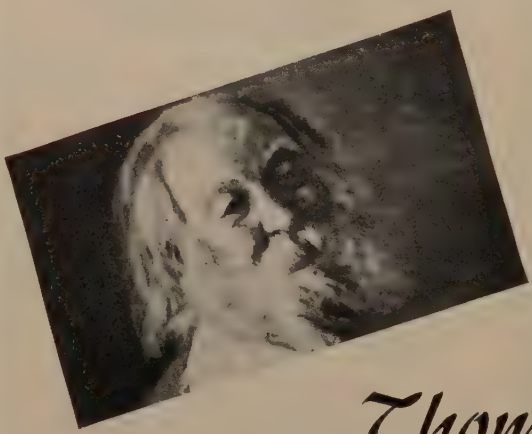
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food and shelter. The struggle to live in a society which simply looks the other way when it meets the spectacle of its poverty-stricken artists—the very creators of things of beauty and the spirit—those things held most precious by all the civilizations of the world. In other words, a gulf exists between society and artist. Can this gulf be bridged? Will it be bridged?

Another gulf exists in the ranks of the artists themselves. It is that separation between the artist who believes solely in the expression of a personal vision and the artist who believes in those things which are greater than his own self. Each one hates control and the ideal of mass social mechanism. One refuses to do anything about it. The other does—not through political means necessarily, but in his art, and within the means of the plastic structure of his expression—without literature or "subject matter" or "class consciousness" art, but through a profound conception of form, as related to feeling and meaning. To those who believe in, have faith in and hope for, and feel a responsibility toward the society of man, there is something to fight for and to resist.

LETTER FROM PARIS:

THE MUSEUMS AND THE WAR

IN normal times, past and present share in the art life of Paris, but in liberated Paris modern art reigned alone for several months. The old masters were still not to be seen in the museums; irreplaceable, they remained in their provincial retreats, far from the always possible menace of air-raids and the V-1. Thus, for a year, from the liberation of Paris to the capitulation of Berlin, contemporary art had the most important role. Picasso was king and shared his dominion only with non-representational art. But now there is a fine balance which oscillates between the past and the future; the counterpoise of tradition is necessary for equilibrium.

V-Day succeeded the menace of V-1 and V-2. Immediately heavy convoys shook the roads of France; from the châteaux where they were hidden, masterpieces of the ages rolled toward the Louvre, and the enormous crates returned to the palace; the opening of the first liberated the *Victory of Samothrace*, in its flight like a giant dove bursting out of a narrow cage in a great clacking of wings. The *Venus de Milo* appeared, bound in ropes, and became a Venus "in vinculis," Venus in chains. The *Mona Lisa*, smiling, calm and ironic, her hands crossed on her stomach, mounted the stairs in the respectful arms of a guard. It was like a boarding school when all the students return after a vacation, but with the dignified silence to which glory constrains these celebrities. However, they had many things to say. I leave them then in their places, reserving for my next letter their triumphal return to public view.

During the war, many false rumors were circulated about them, a measure of the anxiety and ignorance concerning their fate. It was said that the *Victory of Samothrace* had in its flight found a cage in the study of Hitler. We saw photos of the close-shaven heads of the occupiers crowded about the *Venus de Milo*, but who could realize from these photos that only a cast remained in the Louvre? It was said that Goering pillaged the museums. It was said . . . It was said. . .

Actually, the national collections had been completely protected. Even before the war the museums had been aware of the approaching danger. Provincial museums were directed to prepare evacuation lists; trucks of crating material were delivered,

quick transportation was arranged for. Air attack on Paris without declaration of war was realized as a possibility; personnel and the material were prepared to shelter in a precise and rapid operation the forty most valuable paintings of the Louvre in the twelve-minute interval which, according to the experts, could be expected between the first note of the alert and the arrival of the first planes over the capital. It was Munich that put all these arrangements in motion; crates were hammered day and night, only to be opened shortly. It 1939, the crates were nailed up again.

Morning and evening, the trucks left Paris for their secret destinations; in a few weeks everything was in place, the sculpture at Valençay, paintings in the châteaux around Mans, most of the remainder at Chambord. At the same time the National Museums administration took a hand in the evacuation of provincial museums and their too little-known treasure. Seventy-one repositories were soon set up, with their curators, their armed guards, and a developed fire-fighting apparatus. And then there was more to do than simply to wait for victory. There was the defeat. In full retreat, many of the deposits had to be put on the roads again, to take refuge now in the south of France. Melle Desroches, a young girl who is now a curator at the Louvre, assumed with assurance and authority the care of Egyptian antiquities on roads encumbered with the debris of an army and a people. My colleague and friend, Germain Bazin, who had been convalescing in a hospital, took to the wheel of a truck with a wounded arm and in his captain's uniform—which secured for the convoy a military priority. He directed the evacuation of over 3,000 paintings, the last of which crossed the Loire a few minutes before the remaining bridges were blown up.

The first act was now over. The armistice was the thunder-clap with which the storm abated. The collections, perfectly intact, were installed in their new retreats, paintings were removed from cases and classified; study was resumed; our crew of restorers, established at near-by Montauban, began a vast program of cleaning which I will describe later.

But a new danger developed: German greed. This found the totality of those in charge inflexible, grouped about their admirable chief Jacques Jaujard, director of National Museums. The Vichy government multiplied its pressures. Abel Bonnard, the weak minister, threatened, administered an official reproach to M. Jaujard for not complying with the demands of the conquerors, forbade the curators to meet, or to vote. They took no notice and responded with unanimous refusal and protest. No one dared deal vigorously with this solid block. The result? The National Museums refused to return the most valuable works to Paris as Bonnard and the Germans wanted them to. They prolonged endlessly the negotiations for exchanges which were imposed on them—200 proposed initially M. Jaujard brought down to 20, then to 2. Even more, the museums took the offensive; arguing fictional donations, they snatched Jewish private collections from the Germans; trusting to the rights of first possession, they were able to buy others.

This struggle contained its episodes of heroic comedy, such as Goering's invitation to Marcel Aubert, chief curator of sculpture, and myself to spend a week-end at his house near Berlin in order to see his collection, accelerate exchange negotiations and . . . to celebrate his birthday! The marshal's special train would pick us up at the frontier—it may be waiting there for us yet. We merited "neither this excess of honor, nor this indignity" to paraphrase Racine. But we did



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not manage this without difficult negotiations, without opening ourselves to the rage of our little minister. Thus passed the second act.

The third had its scene in the provinces. The works which had been sent there for security did not thereby find calm. Each phase of the war brought, according to the region aimed at, new displacements and the creation of new shelters. With the entry of Italy, the southeast had to be evacuated; when the allies landed on North Africa, the Mediterranean coast was evacuated; when the Germans occupied southern France, strategic points there had to be evacuated since they were now subject to aerial bombardment. Museums were closely involved in political life and strategy. In 1943 there was a total of 44 depositories in France.

And then there was the Resistance. The National Museum administration ("You are a band of de Gaullists," Bonnard screamed to M. Jaujard in a rage) was in 1942 among the first to create a section of the National Front, under the leadership of Jacques Billiet, who after the liberation became Director of Fine Arts. In the provinces the art depositories maintained close connections with the F.F.I. I doubt whether the tenacious and continuous activity of the Resistance is realized outside of France—it was not only a question of barricades in Paris at the final insurrection. From D-Day, at a signal from the London radio, armed and organized troops took over all the main highways and all the railway lines within a few hours. Guerrilla activity was for some months succeeded by full-scale military action. The Germans reacted with violence, but, for example, in that area where paintings from the Louvre were installed in the Chateau de Montal and its neighborhood, the Germans, up until V-Day, were reduced to burrowing themselves into the three or four most important towns and periodically, and with severe losses, to clear the principal arteries of transportation. Is it known that for four months the F. F. I., progressively armed by allied parachute drops, was master of almost the whole department, to the point of installing, flag raised high, a de Gaullist mayorality in the little city! Let us not forget that all southwest France, south of the Loire and west of the Rhone, was liberated completely and exclusively by French forces of the Resistance, while American and English troops operated in the north and the Delattre army in the east.

It is useless to add that life at the depositories was hardly peaceful. The "Das Reich" division, dismally shown up at Oradour, passed at the foot of Montal in moving toward Nordmandy. In the course of a day of fighting, seven civilian fighters of the locality were murdered, one village was totally burned. The walls of the depository were struck by many bullets which scarcely scratched the old walls, while all the available mattresses had been placed behind the windows to protect the precious cases. Moving toward the north, the division found another depository, Valençay; its head, M. Van der Kemp, twice threatened with shooting, finally succeeded in saving the chateau from the fire which razed the village. At Chambord, M. Schommer battled with difficulty the double danger of bullets and fire. What stories there are to tell!

There is one, still unpublished, which it is proper to reserve first for our allies: American and English officers had been landed by parachute to assure liaison with the band of resistors to which I belonged (may I say that of the 52 guards at my depositories, 52 were enrolled in the F. F. I.). One of them, an English Captain George, was there for a long time before the landing and it became necessary to disguise him to dis-

courage the curiosity of the police. Provided with false papers, could we find a better hiding place than to name him director of one of our depositories? This one-time student of Oxford did marvelously. He was always protesting this solution, as his too frequent absences might seem hardly compatible with such a sedentary post. But was it not quite appropriate that at the very moment when the allies were step by step securing our deliverance and that of our depositories, one of these had been able to provide security for an English captain on a dangerous mission in our country?

RENÉ HUYGHE.

NEW BOOKS

Masterpieces in Color at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Edited by Bryan Holme. Introduction by Harry B. Wehle. American Studio Books, New York and London, 1945. 136 pp. 64 color-plates. \$5.75.

Concluding a survey of good and bad art books in our April number, John Rewald expressed the "hope that there soon will be . . . popular books more satisfactory than most of those recently published in this country . . . for some of the most important American museums have begun to publish books of their own; their publications will combine an erudite editorship with a scrupulously supervised production, especially of colorplates. The National Gallery in Washington has already brought out its "Masterpieces of Painting"; the Metropolitan Museum of New York also plans a book of colorplates after its masterpieces . . ."

It would be pleasant to report that Mr. Rewald's hope has been further realized with the appearance of "Masterpieces in Color at the Metropolitan Museum of Art," not an official Museum publication, but one for which it supplied many of the plates and "great encouragement." It is necessary, in fairness to everyone concerned, to state emphatically that Mr. Rewald's hope has not been realized. This eagerly awaited book turns out to be just another collection of dubious colorplates thrown together more or less because they happen to be available. Since it naturally invites comparison with the National Gallery book, with which most of its potential buyers are familiar, that will be the best way to evaluate it. (The fact that the Gallery book had a rumoured \$240,000-subsidy and paper priorities, and the Metropolitan book had none, makes no difference to the consumer.)

First, size. The Metropolitan book has 136, 9 x 12-inch pages against 184 (11 x 15) in the Gallery book. It has 64 colorplates as compared to 85, and 8½ pages of comment by Harry B. Wehle against 85 pages by a host of writers from Boccaccio to Roger Fry. Opposite each of the Metropolitan's pictures is a blank page with only the artist's name, his nationality and dates, the title of the picture, and the name of the donor. Nothing else. Whereas every one of the Gallery's paintings is fully documented with size, date, history, etc.—in small, unobtrusive type beneath the general and highly interesting statement printed above. The Metropolitan book is priced at \$5.75; the other at \$6.50 (new edition \$9.75).

Take the dust jacket off the Metropolitan book and it reminds you of nothing so much as a high-school annual, even down to the unpleasant smell of red imitation leather. Turn the pages and the impression is unhappily confirmed: a title page of stock design; an apology for the general inaccuracy of color reproductions (funereally framed with a double black



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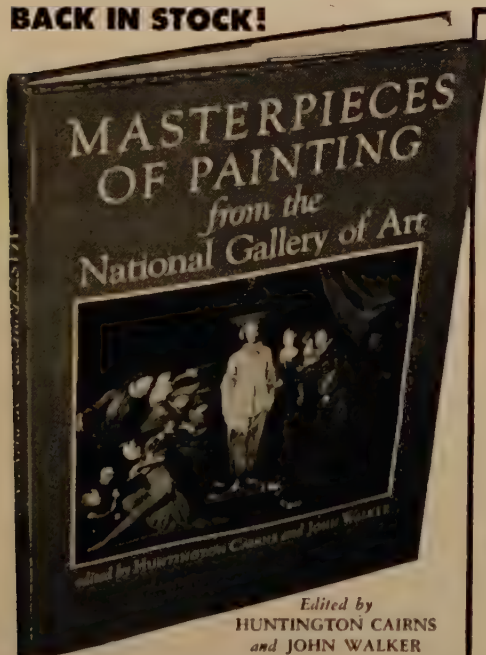
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Then come the plates, starting off with a really fine one of Sassetta's *Journey of the Magi*, handsomely printed from the same plates that made it a popular number in the Museum's series of subway prints (8 1/2 x 11 1/2). But the next page is a let-down with a bang. Giovanni di Paolo's *Presentation in the Temple* (5 x 5 3/4) is so blurred by off-register in printing that a casual reader might think he needed new glasses. Then follows a succession of ups and downs, concluding with the Renoir (also a subway print), here suffering from a slightly hot overdose of red.

The selection of paintings was obviously determined by what plates were available: the Museum's own subway series and BULLETIN covers, plates from THE ART NEWS, Simon & Schuster, Art Education, Inc., etc. This method of selection has meant a hodge-podge of sizes and subjects, with a great many details of paintings instead of the entire picture. It meant, for example, that Ghirlandaio's portrait of *Francesco Sassetti and His Son* (once an ART NEWS cover) had to be cropped top and bottom to fit the page. It is difficult to say which is worse: the amputation of three of the boy's finger tips or the removal of the black border above, which serves in the original as an effective frame, holding together the large color areas of red and blue. It meant that an essential spot of green in Holbein's portrait of *Benedikt von Kertenstein* was cropped entirely away (why?), spoiling the color harmony. (And this plate is not even identified as a detail!) It also meant that the book has no reproductions of Rogier van der Weyden, Botticelli, Tintoretto, Tiepolo, Delacroix, Gilbert Stuart, Copley, or Winslow Homer, all of whom are well represented in the Museum's collection.

But most important, and most vexing, is the matter of color fidelity. Rival publishers and engravers have assured me that the National Gallery book does not have true "color fidelity." I have not had the opportunity to check its plates against the originals, but I do not feel that I need to. Anyone whose profession or pleasure it is to look at pictures can tell at once if the colors of a reproduction are "right." A printer may succeed in matching one color absolutely (though in my experience rarely), but unless his eye is sensitive to the *relation* of that color to all the others his reproduction will be about as faithful as one by a color-blind copyist.

In the Gallery book the colors are right in *relationship* if not exact in *hue*, though if memory serves me at all well I think they are fairly accurate. In the Metropolitan book, with a few brilliant exceptions, such as the Sassetta, Bruegel, Bronzino, and Manet, *neither* relationship nor hue is right. The reason is mechanical, and the excuse given is the high-cost of printing.

Obviously, with only the three primary colors of red, yellow, and blue that are used in halftone color reproduction, printers are always going to have difficulty matching the whole range

of one painter's palette. But when these same three colors are used to reproduce the palettes of eight painters, *all at the same time*, the effect is bound to be disastrous. The plates of the Metropolitan book were printed "eight up," which means that in one stroke of the press the same yellow for Sassetta, Bellini, Titian, Gerard David, Rubens, Eakins, and Cézanne might be printed. Then the same red, and the same blue. (Black is usually added last, though it is a color non-existent in many paintings.)

A careful and color-wise printer will select for his eight paintings those that come nearest to each other in hue, but he will always prefer to print color reproductions "one up", running each one through the press three times and mixing up a different set of inks for each reproduction—one set for Titian, another for Gerard David, etc. This obviously increases the cost of printing, but it is the only way to achieve anything like "color fidelity." The plates of the National Gallery book were printed "one up."

The answer to the problem of good color reproduction seems to be capital cost. If enough capital is available to finance the expense of good plates and printing, it will eventually pay dividends. Witness the Gallery book, with its rumoured subsidy and its 30,000 sales to date. The Metropolitan would have done better, much better, had it waited for a subsidy, and then supervised the spending of it.

—JOHN D. MORSE.

LATEST BOOKS RECEIVED

TWICE A YEAR. A book of literature, the arts, and civil liberties. Double number 12-13, 1945. Twice A Year Press, 509 Madison Avenue, New York City. 568 pp. \$2.

WHY ABSTRACT? By Hilaire Hiler, Henry Miller, and William Saroyan. A New Directions Book, published by James Laughlin, New York. 100 pp. \$2.50.

THE DRAWINGS OF HANS HOLBEIN . . . at Windsor Castle. By K. T. Parker. New York, Oxford University Press (Phaidon), 1945. 62 pp. and 85 plates. \$5.50.

UP FRONT. Written and illustrated by Bill Mauldin. New York, Henry Holt & Co. 228 pp. \$3.

ISADORA DUNCAN IN HER DANCES. By Abraham Walkowitz. Introductions by Maria-Theresa, Carl Van Vechten, Mary Fanton Roberts, Shaemas O'Sheel and Arnold Genthe. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas, 1945. Illustrated, \$1.

A DEMONSTRATION OF OBJECTIVE, ABSTRACT, AND NON-OBJECTIVE ART. By Abraham Walkowitz. Introductions by Oscar Bluemner, Jerome Melquist, Charles Caffin, Sidney Janis, James Johnson Sweeney, and Henry McBride. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas, 1945. Illustrated, \$1.

PLACE, TASTE, AND TRADITION. A study of Australian Art since 1788. By Bernard Smith. Ure Smith Pty, Ltd. Sidney, Australia 1945. 287 pages, illustrated. 21/-.

ABOUT THE ROUND TABLE. By Margaret R. Scherer. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., 1945. Paper covers, 80 pages, illustrated. \$2.

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New Architecture and City Planning (Paul Zucker), rev. by F.G., p. 204
Oil Painting for the Beginner (Frederic Taubes), rev. by Harry Carnohan, p. 282
Paul Cézanne (Edward Alden Jewell), rev. by John Rewald, p. 114
Pierre Auguste Renoir (Rosemund Frost), rev. by John Rewald, p. 114
Three Lectures on Architecture (Eric Mendelsohn), rev. by F. G., p. 35
Three Young Rats and Other Rhymes (Alexander Calder), rev. by Libby Tannenbaum, p. 242
Watercolor Demonstrated (22 American artists), rev. by Harry Carnohan, p. 282
Water Color Painting (Adolf Dehn), rev. by Harry Carnohan, p. 282
Winslow Homer (Lloyd Goodrich), rev. by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., p. 34

DECEMBER EXHIBITIONS IN AMERICA

All information is supplied by exhibitors in response to mailed questionnaires. Dates are closing dates unless otherwise specified.

AKRON, O. Akron Art Institute, Dec. 2-23: Serigraph Portraits of Artists by Harry Sternberg (AFA).
ALBANY, N. Y. Institute of History and Art, Dec. 5-31: First National Print Exhibition—Print Club of Albany.
ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art, Dec. 31: Pictures for Christmas Presents.
AUBURN, ALA. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Dec. 8: Exhibit American Institute of Decorators 1945 Competition, Dec. 8-Jan. 12: Judgment Exhibition.
BALTIMORE, MD. Baltimore Museum of Art, Dec. 5-26: Prints by Winslow Homer (AFA).
BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Museum of Fine Arts, Dec. and Jan.: 20 oil paintings from The Guild of Boston Artists.
BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH. Museum of Cranbrook Academy of Art, Dec. 5-20: Paintings by Walter Quirt; Christmas sale of student work, Dec. 26-Jan. 16: European Artists in U. S.
BLOOMINGTON, IND. Indiana University Art Center, Dec. 21: Paintings by four young Americans.
BOSTON, MASS. Guild of Boston Artists, Dec. 8: Retrospective exhibition of Pastels by Laura Coombs Hills, Dec. 11-24: Exhibition of Small Pictures.
The Institute of Modern Art, Dec. 8: "Forbidden Art" (Nierendorf), Dec. 12-Jan. 12: Members Jury Show.
Museum of Fine Arts, Dec. 9: 1000 Years of Landscape: East and West, Dec. 16: Charles H. Woodbury, Oils and Watercolors.
Robert C. Vose Galleries, Dec.: Christmas Exhibition.
Wiggin Gallery, Boston Public Library, Dec. 31: Etchings and Lithographs by Jean-Louis Forain.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Albright Art Gallery, Dec. 5: Built in the USA, 1932-1944, Dec. 5-26: MAGAZINE of Art Selection of Children's Books (AFA), Dec. 2-26: Buffalo Society of Artists Exhibition of Small Paintings, Dec. 27-Jan. 10: Buffalo Artists Traveling Exhibition.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Fogg Museum, Jan. 1: Ivories, Bronzes, Metalwork, from Dumbarton Oaks Coll. Feb. 1: Medieval Korean Pottery, Graphic Art of Daumier.
CARMEL, CALIF. Carmel Art Assoc. Galleries, Dec.: Oils, Watercolors, Portraits, Etchings—Prints.
CHAPEL HILL, N. C. Person Hall Art Gallery, Dec. 2-Dec. 30: North Carolina Artists' 9th Annual Exhibition.
CHICAGO, ILL. The Art Institute of Chicago, Dec. 16: Room of Chicago Art—Watercolors by George Fred Keck and Samuel A. Marx.
Chicago Galleries Association, 215 N. Michigan Ave. Dec.: Holiday Exhibition of Paintings.
Mandel Brothers, 5 No. State, Dec. 3-28: Watercolors by Ruth Van Sickle Ford; Mexican Watercolors by Myrtle Frankovitz; Small Watercolors by Mary Bornarth; Watercolors by Esther Edling Ericksen; Oil Paintings by Mae Aushuler; Etchings by James Swann; Ceramics by Polia Pillin.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. Mint Museum of Art, Dec.: Watercolors by Charles Hutson; Block Prints in Color from Mod. Mus., Historic Shawls, Madonna Prints—Met. Mus.
CLAREMONT, CALIF. Rembrandt Hall, Pomona College, Dec. 5-26: "Walt Disney Originals."
CLEARWATER, FLA. Art Museum, Dec. 3-18: Pre-Xmas Arts and Crafts, Dec. 18-31: Walt Disney Originals.
CLEVELAND, O. Museum of Art, Dec. 4-Jan. 6: Photographs by Fritz Henle.
Cleveland School of Art, Dec. 16: Modern Advertising Art (AFA).
COLUMBUS, O. Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, Dec. 7-Jan. 20: "Chinese Sculpture."
CORTLAND, N. Y. Cortland Free Library, Dec. 31: Trio Oil Exhibition.
COSHOCOTON, O. Johnson-Humrickhouse Museum, Dec. 31: Coshocoton's contribution to the effort, materials and posters, Dec. 9-28: Paintings of the Madonna in the Johnson collection.
DALLAS, TEX. Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dec. 9: What is Modern Painting, Dec. 9-30: Paintings by Dallas artists for Xmas sale, Dec. 16-Jan. 20: Ceramics by Houston Artists.
DAYTON, O. Art Institute, Dec. 4-31: Circulating Gallery Show; Le Corbusier Architectural Exhibition, Dec. 6-26: The New Spirit (Work by Le Corbusier) (AFA).
DENVER, COLO. The Denver Art Museum, Dec. 31: Showing of new acquisitions; Denver Artists Guild annual exhibition; Daumier loan exhibition.
ELMIRA, N. Y. Arnot Art Gallery, Dec. 30: Elmira Artists Oils.
EVANSVILLE, IND. Evansville Public Museum, Dec. 3-28: Gulf Coast Art Exhibit, Dec. 2-16: Handicrafts of India—Textiles, brass and other native handicrafts, Dec. 19-31: Christmas Exhibit—Items with holiday flavor.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. The Grand Rapids Art Gallery, Dec. 1-Jan. 3: Religious Paintings by Old Masters.
GREEN BAY, WIS. Neville Public Museum, Dec. 31: Oil Group: Waldo Pierce, Zoltan Sepeshy, Doris Rosenthal, Jacob Getler Smith, Simkhovitch, Fletcher Martin, Isabel Bishop.
GRINNELL, IOWA. College, Dec. 19: Paintings and Prints by Charlotte Jeffery.
HAGERSTOWN, MD. Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Dec. 31: European Master Painting: Selected Items, Life of the Virgin, Durer Prints (Reproductions).
HOUSTON, TEX. Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Dec. 9: Thomas Eakins Memorial Exhibition, Dec. 16-Jan. 6: Seventh Annual Texas General Exhibition.
INDIANA, PA. State Teachers College, Dec. 7-21: Contemporary Watercolors from the Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art (AFA).
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. John Herron Art Institute, Dec. 9: Figurines in Crinoline by Bessie Potter Vonnob, Dec. 23-Jan. 27: Contemporary American Paintings (Annual).
ITHACA, N. Y. Cornell University, Dec. 5-26: Definitions (AFA), Dec. 2: Oil in Watercolors (AFA).
KALAMAZOO, MICH. The Kalamazoo Institute of Arts, Dec. 22: Kalamazoo Artists Annual.

LAWRENCE, KAN. Thayer Museum of Art, Dec. 28: Old Christmas cards from the Collection of the Museum of the City of New York; Paintings by Guyrah Newkirk.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK. Museum of Fine Arts, Jan. 1: Frank Govan, watercolors.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Foundation of Western Art, Dec. 22: Trends in Southern California Art.
Dalzell Hatfield Gal. Dec. 25: Gertrude and Otto Natzler, ceramics; Philip Paval, silver; Modern and French Pngs.
LOUISVILLE, KY. J. B. Speed Memorial Mus. Dec. 20: Cuban Png. Today.
LOWELL, MASS. Whistler's Birthplace, Feb. 1: Joseph A. Nesmith, pntgs.
MANCHESTER, N. H. Currier Gallery, Dec. 4-23: History of American Watercolor (AFA); National Serigraph Soc.; Sgt. Kriensky, watercolors; Lucie Palmer, undersea pntgs.
MASSILLON, O. Massillon Museum, Dec. 31: 21st Ann., Ohio Watercolor Soc.; Bernard Cooper.
MEMPHIS, TENN. Brooks Memorial Art Gal. Dec. 25: Crafts of the Southern Highlands.
Donna Miller, pntgs.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Institute of Arts, Dec. 30: Annual Salon of Photography.
Walker Art Center, Dec. 9: Races of Mankind, Dec. 31: Reproductions of Modern Pntgs, Dec. 2-30: Philip Evergood, pntgs.
MONTCLAIR, N. J. Montclair Art Museum, Dec. 26: American Primitives.
NASHVILLE, TENN. Watkins Institute, Dec. 21: Drawings by Maurice Sterne (AFA).
NEWARK, N. J. Artists of Today, 49 New St. Dec. 8: Coal Bill Auction Show, Dec. 10-28: Christmas Show.
Newark Art Club, 38 Franklin, Dec. 30: Members Show.
Newark Museum, 49 Washington, Dec. 31: Painters of Today, Dec. 2-31: Changing Tastes in Painting and Sculpture, 1795-1945, Dec. 15-31: Post-war Fashions, 1795-1945.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Isaac Delgado Museum, Dec. 9-Jan. 5: New Orleans Art League, Dec. 10-30: A New American Architecture.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Acquavella Galleries, 38 E. 57, Dec.: Old Masters.
Argent Galleries, Dec. 3-29: Christmas Show of Watercolors, pastels, and miniatures.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth, Dec. 3-25: Irwin Hoffman, Dec. 10-31: Earl Grosse, watercolors.
Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57, Dec. 31: Small Pntgs by American Artists.
Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57, Dec. 29: Salvador Dali, recent pntgs.
Mortimer Brandt Gal., 15 E. 57, Dec. 3-29: Norman Daly, gouaches; Maurice Golubov, pntgs.
Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57, Dec. 4-29: Contemporary Prints.
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, Jan. 2: Landscape, Dec. 14-Jan. 6: Children in Prints.
Carstairs Gal., 11 E. 57, Dec. 4-22: Franz Bueb, watercolors.
Collectors of American Art, 106 E. 57, Dec. 15: Paintings and Sculptures for distribution to members, Dec. 3-28: Paintings for Christmas.
Costume Institute, 18 E. 50: Latin American Costumes.

Paul Drey, 11 E 57. Six Centuries of Art in Painting and Objects.

Durand Ruel, 12 E 57. Dec. 3-28: Raisa Robbins, pntgs.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E 57. Dec. 3-27: Walter Stuemfing, pntgs.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Käthe Kollwitz Memorial Exh.

Arthur H. Harlow, 42 E 57. Dec. 31: 19th and 20th Century Prints.

Jacob Hirsch, 30 W 40. Classical and Renaissance Art.

Kleeman Gal., 65 E 57. Dec. 3-29: John von Wicht, recent abstract pntgs.

Kraushaar Gal., 32 E 57. Dec. 15: Cecil Bell, gouaches. Dec. 17-Jan. 5: Ann Brockman; memorial exhib. of pntgs. and watercolors.

Lilienfeld Gal., 21 E 57. Dec. 31: Marion Cheever White-side, story-book quilts. Ceramics by Natziars. Zegorav, jewelry.

Macbeth Gal., 11 E 57. Dec. 15: Marsden Hartley, pntgs.

Pierre Matisse Gal., 41 E 57. Dec. 10-31: Modern French Pntgs.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Av. Dec. 7-Mar. 10: Chinese Ceremonial Bronzes. Dec. 21-Jan. 10: Army Arts and Crafts (Prize contest winners). Dec. 19-Indef.: Angels of the Lord (Cloisters). Indef.: Counter Reformation Prints; Old Mexican Pottery; Paul Revere and Horse Show (Junior Museum).

Morton Gal., 117 W 58. Dec. 8: Edna Palmer Engelhardt, pntgs.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53. Feb. 3: Stuart Davis. Jan. 13: Museum Collection. Jan. 6: Useful Objects. Feb. 24: Framed Reproductions. Dec. 5-Jan. 6: Children's Christmas Circus.

National Academy Galleries, 1082 Fifth, Dec. 4-21: 120th Ann. Exh. Painting and Sculpture.

Newhouse Gal., 15 E 57. Dec. 24: 20 Selected American Artists.

Harry Shaw Newman, 150 Lexington, Dec. 31: Christmas Show.

New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. Dec. 31: Jenny Lind Coll.; Christmas Exh. Dolls, tops, etc.

Passedoit Gal., 121 E 57. Dec. 15: Jose de Creff, sculpture. Dec. 15-30: Group Exh.

Perls Gal., 32 E 58. Dec. 3-31: 9th Ann. Holiday Show for the young collector.

Jacques Seligmann, 5 E 57. 19th Century French Pntg. Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences. Jan. 10: Harry Demaine, watercolors.

Thannhauser, 165 E 62. French Art.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington, Dec. 8: David Ellinger, pntgs. Dec. 10-Jan. 2: Selected Prints and drawings.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W 8. Jan. 10: Ann. Exh. of Contemporary American Pntg.

Willard Gal., 32 E 57. Dec. 8: Mark Tobey. Dec. 11-29: Prints (Group).

NORFOLK, VA. Norfolk Museum. Tidewater Historical Coll. Dec. 9-31: 1945 Accessions and review of collections.

NORMAN, OKLA. Univ. of Okla. Dec. 3-22: William Harold Smith, pntgs.

OAKLAND, CALIF. Mills College Art Gallery. Dec. 7: Textiles and Decorative Arts.

OSBERLIN, O. Oberlin College. Dec. 15: Prints. Dec. 30: Rugs from the Orient.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. Art Center. Dec. 5-19: Ann. Okla. Camera Club. Dec. 2-23: Madeline Park, sculpture. Dec. 2-2: Eric J. Bransby. Dec. 21-30: Jessie Ray de Witt, pntgs.

OLIVET, MICH. Olivet College. Dec. 19: American Silk-screen Prints.

OSWEGO, N. Y. State Teachers College. Dec. 22: Finnish Textiles by Marianna Strengell Dusenbury (AFA).

PARKERSBURG, W. VA. Fine Arts Center. Dec. 21: Merchant Seamen Pntgs (AFA). Dec. 28: Silk Screen Prints. Dec. 15-Jan. 2: Children's Show; Ceramics and Paintings.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Philip Ragan Associates, Broad St. Station. Dec. 22: Francis McCarthy, watercolors and drawings.

Pennsylvania Academy, Broad and Cherry. Dec. 31: Portraits of Children. Sculpture by Harren Rosin. Selections from Permanent Collection.

Philadelphia Art Alliance, 251 South 18. Dec. 14: Dave Chapman, industrial design. Dec. 9: Albert Urban, silk screen prints. Dec. 16: De Hirsch Margules, watercolors; Paul and Jane Claus, architecture. Dec. 23: Donald DeLue, sculpture. Dec. 30: Christmas crafts. Dec. 4-23: John Koch, oils. Opening Dec. 18: Gustaf Tenggren, illustrations; Frederick L. Griggs, engravings; Gustav Jansen, industrial design.

Woodmere Art Gallery, Dec. 2-25: New War art by Life Magazine Artist Reporters (AFA).

PITTSBURGH, PA. Carnegie Institute. Dec. 9: Painting in the U. S., 1945. Dec. 30: Current American Prints. 1945. Dec. 18-Jan. 27: Encyclopaedia Britannica Coll.

PORTLAND, ORE. Art Mus. Jan. 1: Watercolor and pastel pntgs. (Ore. Guild of Pntgs. and Sculptors); 16th and 17th Century old Master Drawings. Dec. 16-Jan. 15: Army Medicine. Abbott Lab. Pntgs.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Museum of Art. Dec. 12-Jan. 2: 3rd Ann. Exh. R. I. Fed. of Camera Clubs.

Providence Art Club, 11 Thomas. Dec. 4-30: Little Picture Show.

QUINCY, ILL. Art Club. Dec. 9-31: Pntgs. of Charles Burchfield (AFA).

RICHMOND, VA. Mus. of Fine Arts. Dec. 8-Jan. 11: Accessions during 3 wartime years.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Memorial Art Gal. Dec. 2-23: Objects as Subjects. Dec. 7-30: Robert Reiff, pntgs. Silk Screen prints. Juror's Show. New Additions to Lending Library.

Public Library, Dec. 9-31: Chinese Woodcuts (AFA).

ROCKFORD, ILL. Burpee Art Gal. Dec. 2: Herb Olson, watercolors.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. E. B. Crocker Gallery. Dec. 26: Self-portraits by American Artists. Dec. 31: Otheto Weston, watercolors.

ST. LOUIS, MO. City Art Museum. Dec. 17: Missouri Exh. Dec. 10: Oceanic Art. Dec. 31: 18th C. Italian Printmakers. Dec. 8-31: St. Louis Photo Salon.

ST. PAUL, MINN. Gal and School of Art. Dec. 8-Jan. 5: Are Clothes Modern?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Witte Memorial Museum. Jan. 8: Alice Naylor; Early San Antonio Painters.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF. Fine Arts Gal. Jan. 1: San Diego Art Guild Ann.; Etchings and Lithographs; Primitive

North American Furniture. Dec. 15-Jan. 1: Beauty of Christmas through Art.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Palace of the Legion of Honor. Jan. 2: Ecclesiastical Sculpture; Religious Folk Art of the Southwest. George Barrows, photos. Dec. 31: "Sanity in Art" exhib.

San Francisco Museum of Art. Dec. 16: Man Becomes an Artist; Hector Poleo of Venezuela; 20th Ann. Exh. S. F. Soc. of Women Artists. Dec. 18: New Names in Art. Dec. 9: Lynn Linares, pntgs.

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum. Dec. 31: The American Century, portraits by Enit Kaufman. Dec. 8-Jan. 8: Sarkis Katchadourian, mural paintings from the Caves of India (AFA).

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF. Museum of Art. Dec. 31: Cal. Watercolor Soc. DeWitt Parshall (pastels). Marcus Coll. Chinese bronzes and jades. Dec. 21: Josef Bakos. Dec. 8-31: Mr. Duncan Phillips.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. Skidmore College. Dec. 11: Mystery in Paint. Dec. 11-20: Prints from Permanent Coll.

SEATTLE, WASH. Univ. of Washington. Dec. 31: Walter Isaacs, Ambrose Patterson, Raymond Hill. Dec. 18-Jan. 8: Six Cuban Painters, watercolors and drawings.

Seattle Art Museum. Dec. 10: Mural Pntgs. from Caves of India by Sarkis Katchadourian (AFA). Dec. 6-Jan. 6: Thomas Handforth, prints. De Hirsch Margules, Charles Clifford Wright, paintings. Edmond J. Fitzgerald, watercolors. Reproductions of religious paintings.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS. Mount Holyoke College. Dec. 5-26: New War Art by Life Artists (AFA); Abbott Army Medicine paintings, reproductions.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. Ill. State Museum. Dec. 22: Netherlands East Indies. Jan. 1: Early American Goblets.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Mus. of Fine Arts. Dec. 30: Upjohn Coll. of American Pntgs.

Geo. Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum. Dec. 23: Art League Jury Show: Faces and Figures; Johanna Van Ryn, jewelry.

SPRINGFIELD, MO. Springfield Art Museum. Ill. Group of Pntgs. Prints and Lithographs. Christmas Decorations. Museum Creative Sculpture Group.

SWARTHMORE, PA. Swarthmore College. Dec. 25. Contemporary American Watercolors.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Museum of Fine Arts. Dec. 9-30: Oil in Watercolor (AFA).

TOLEDO, O. Museum of Art. Dec. 23: The American Snapshot. Dec. 30: Altarpiece Triptychs for Army Camps.

TOPEKA, KAN. Mulvane Museum. Dec. 31: Gerrit Sinclair, watercolors. Exh. of work from Junior School, Layton School of Art, Milwaukee.

TULSA, OKLA. Philbrook Art Center. Dec. 11-Jan. 2: Wartime French Painting. Tulsa Artists Guild.

UNIVERSITY, ALA. Univ. of Alabama. Dec. 30: Poster Art in Wartime Britain.

UTICA, N. Y. Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute. Dec. 2-30: 50 Artists and Walkowitz (AFA).

WASHINGTON, D. C. Corcoran Gallery. Dec. 9: Lt. Mitchell Jamieson, paintings and drawings. Dec. 26 4th Ann. Exh. Pntgs. by Merchant Seamen (AFA).

Smithsonian Institution. Dec. 9-Jan. 6: Pa. Soc. of Min'ature Pnters. Jan. 6: Chas. W. Dahlgren, etchings and drypoints. Dec.: Stuyvesant Peabody, pictorial photos.

Whyte Gallery. Dec. 6-31: Selected American Paintings.

WELLESLEY, MASS. Wellesley College. Dec. 17: Wellesley Soc. of Artists.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. Morton Gallery. Dec. 5-23: J. F. Hart, wood engravings. Christmas Sale. Dec. 28-Jan. 13: Diego Rivera, watercolors and drawings (AFA).

Eliot O'Hara, watercolors.

WICHITA, KAN. Art. Assoc. Galleries. Dec. 3-Jan. 2: Religious Paintings. Illustrated Books and Manuscripts.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. Lawrence Art Museum. Dec. 30: Augustus Vincent Tack, 2 recent portraits. Chinese pntgs. and bronzes. Dec. 9-30: 20th Century Drawings.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. Rudolph Galleries. Dec. 31: Group Show. Woodstock Artists.

WORCESTER, MASS. Worcester Art Museum. Jan. 2: Contemporary American Prints. Dec. 13-Jan. 13: Pntgs. by Ralph Earl.

YONKERS, N. Y. Hudson River Museum. Dec. 23: Yonkers Art Assoc. Dec. 19: Pictorial Americana. Dec. 17-31: Old time Dolls and toys.

YOUNGSTOWN, O. Butler Art Institute. Dec. 9: Lauren Ford, etchings. Dec. 2: Selection from Penn. Acad. Ann. 1945 (AFA).

ZANESVILLE, O. Art Institute. Dec. 31: Christmas Story in Art. Antique Christmas Cards.

WHERE TO SHOW

DIRECTORY OF NATIONAL AND REGIONAL OPEN EXHIBITIONS

The following is a list of open exhibitions for Winter, 1945-6. It is arranged alphabetically according to states, and cities under state. The asterisk (*) indicates that the exhibition is national in scope. Other exhibitions are limited to artists living in the region or state. No attempt has been made to list exhibitions which are local, or held by organizations of members only, unless membership is open.

CALIFORNIA

* **OAKLAND ART GALLERY**, Municipal Auditorium. Annuals: oil. March; sculpture, May; watercolor, pastel, drawing, and print. October; all artists.

* **CALIFORNIA WATERCOLOR SOCIETY**, 734 18th Street, Los Angeles. Annual: watercolor, Autumn or Winter; all artists.

* **SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION**, 800 Chestnut Street. Annuals: oil, tempera on panel, sculpture, Autumn; watercolor, pastel. (Spring: drawing, print, Winter; all artists.)

SANTA CRUZ ART LEAGUE, Pilkington and E. Cliff Drive. Annual: oil, watercolor, pastel, January; open to artists in state at time.

CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, 1st SPRING ANNUAL EXHIB. April 3-30, 1946. Open. Oil and tempera. Jury. 1st prize: \$1000. Entry blanks due March 1, 1946. Write California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, San Francisco 21, Calif.

CONNECTICUT

* **CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, HARTFORD**. Annual: oil, sculpture, black and white, March; all artists.

* **NEW HAVEN PAINT & CLAY CLUB**. Annual: oil, watercolor, sculpture, pastel, black and white, March; all artists.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE ARTISTS' GUILD OF WASHINGTON. Annual: oil, watercolor, pastel, drawing, prints, sculpture, January; members.

* **WASHINGTON SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND GRAVERS**. Annual: all media, Winter; American artists.

* **WASHINGTON WATER COLOR CLUB**. Annual: watercolor, pastel, drawing (black and white), prints, Winter; American artists.

GEORGIA

* **ATLANTA UNIVERSITY**. Annual: paintings, sculpture, prints by Negro artists, Winter; all artists.

INDIANA

HOOSIER SALON PATRONS ASSOCIATION, 609 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4. Annual: all media, January; open to artists born, educated, residing or formerly residing in Indiana.

KANSAS

* **WICHITA ART ASSOCIATION ART SCHOOL**, 405 N. Belmont Ave. Annuals: Prints, January; decorative arts and crafts (silversmithing-weaving-ceramics). May; all artists.

MAINE

* **PORTLAND SOCIETY OF ART**. Annual: oil, watercolor, pastel, March; residents of United States.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, Charles St. at 31st, Wyman Park. Annual: all media, February; open to artists born or residing in Maryland.

WASHINGTON COUNTY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, City Park, Hagerstown. Annual: all media, February; Cumberland Valley artists.

MASSACHUSETTS

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN OF WORCESTER COUNTY, Worcester Art Museum, Feb. 14-Mar. 17, 1946. Eligible: recent work by residents or former residents of Worcester County, Mass. Fine arts and crafts sections. Juries. Works may be sold from exhib. Entry cards due Jan. 12. Write Registrar, Worcester Art Museum, Worcester 2, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY WATER COLOR AND SCULPTURE SOCIETY, South Orange. Annual: watercolor, pastel, sculpture, February; artists born or residing in New Jersey.

NEW YORK

* **ALBANY INSTITUTE OF HISTORY AND ART**. Biennial: drawing, February; odd years, all artists.

* **AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY**, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York City. Annual: watercolor, pastel, February; all artists.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 120th ANN. EXHIB. OF GRAPHIC ART, Mar. 13-Apr. 1, 1946. Jury. All print media. Prizes. Entry cards due Feb. 8, 1946. For information write John Taylor Arms, Exhib. Chairman, Natl. Acad. of Design, 1083 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 28.

OHIO

11th ANNUAL NEW YEAR SHOW, Butler Art Institute Youngstown, O. Jan. 1-27, 1946. Open to residents and former residents of Ohio, Pa., Va., W. Va., and Ind. Oils and Watercolors. Jury. Awards and Prizes. Entry cards and works due Dec. 9. For full information write the Secretary, Butler Art Institute, Youngstown, Ohio.

OHIO VALLEY OIL AND WATERCOLOR SHOW, Edwin Watts Chubb Gallery, Ohio University, March 1-21, 1946. For residents of Ohio, Ind., Ill., W. Va., Pa., and Kentucky. Oil and watercolor. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due February 15, 1946; write Dean Earl C. Seifried, College of Fine Arts, Athens, Ohio.

PENNSYLVANIA

* **PRINT CLUB**, 1614 Latimer St. (3), Philadelphia. Annual: lithography, January; woodcut & wood engraving, February; etching & engraving, April; all artists.

TEXAS

TEXAS GENERAL EXHIBITION, Dallas. (Joint sponsorship Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Witte Memorial Museum, Museum of Fine Arts of Houston.) Annual: all media, Winter; Texas artists.

DALLAS PRINT SOCIETY, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park (10). Annual: prints, Winter; Texas artists.

VIRGINIA

IRENE LEACHE MEMORIAL ART ANNUAL FOR VIRGINIA ARTISTS, Norfolk Museum of Arts and Science, Feb. 1946. For information write Norfolk Museum, Lee Park, Norfolk, Va.

MODERN
FRENCH AND AMERICAN ART



L'ETOILE DE MER, 1942

LEGER

CEZANNE
DESPIAU
LEGER
MONDRIAN
EILSHEMIUS

RENOIR

TAMAYO

MATISSE
MIRO
PICASSO
SOUTINE
JOHN KANE

EXHIBITION KANE AND EILSHEMIUS 12 NOV.—1 DEC.

VALENTINE GALLERY
55, EAST 57 STREET
NEW YORK 22